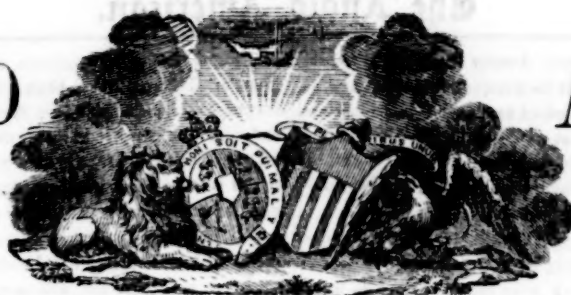


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GIVE THANKS.

When softly came the wreathing Spring
To dance around the rosy ring,
And still, to raise the early flowers,
The sky flung down refreshing showers—
The Lord was pleased to bless our land :
To scatter round his favors kind ;
Then praise him for his liberal hand,
And all his mercies bear in mind !

When summer came, with twilight eyes,
Her path a rainbow in the skies :
Her hands with fragrance dropping sweet,
And roses gathered at her feet—
She brushed the blossoms from the trees,
And left the fruit exposed there,
To court the sunshine and the breeze,
And ripen in the balmy air ;

Then Autumn claimed the sovereign day,
And swept the clustering leaves away :
But nourished still the branching root,
And filled the earth with ruddy fruit !
Then raise your fervent hearts to heaven,
Give gracious thanks to God above,
Who all these glorious gifts hath given :
And praise him for his mighty love.

And also, on the stormy deep
Our God did watchful vigil keep ;
He bade the billows rage no more,
And brought the vessel safe to shore !
Then bless him for his wondrous grace :
Give thanks for his almighty care :
And bending low, with veiled face,
Lift up the voice of praise and prayer !

Give thanks to God ! Glad homage pay !
He swept destruction from our way ;
Forbade that fell disease appear,
And bless'd us with a healthy year !
Then sing loud praises o'er and o'er :
All honor to the Lord Divine—
For he hath overflowed our store
With waving corn, and flashing wine !

But more, my gentle friends, have we
To lift the heart and bend the knee :
For mercies rich, and blessings kind,
That cheered the soul, and raised the mind,
Behold ! with links of sovereign love,
The Lord our young affections bound ;
So light and comfort from above,
Shall ever in our home be found !

With reverent awe, and holy fire,
Exalt the heart, and strike the lyre !
Oh ! sing to him a sacred song,
To whom all sacred things belong !
With fervent love and humble voice,
We'll breath our thankful prayers to heaven ;
Praise our kind Father, and rejoice
For all the favors he hath given !

December 2, 1845.

C. S.

LAST DAYS OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

BY THE EDITOR.

EDWARD I. SURNAMED LONGSHANKS.

Awake ! — — — Leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings !
Let us—since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die—
Expatiate freely o'er this maze of man !
A mighty maze, but not without a plan.—POPE.

There is something exceedingly anomalous in human nature in the circumstance that the same person who shall have the nicest ideas of abstract right and justice, shall practically disdain them, and throughout the course of a long, busy, and public life, act in direct contradiction to them. Such a man was the monarch whose "Last Days" are here to be contemplated, and whose principles and actions were at continual variance during a stirring reign of five and thirty years.

It is generally considered that, however turbulent the life may have been, there will inevitably occur retrospections at the closing days, unless the mortal shall be cut off suddenly, or be deprived of the power of reflection ; that leisure produced by sickness must inevitably recall past scenes, their motives, and effects, and that when the mortal hour is felt to be approaching the purer princi-

ples will be re-established in their force, whilst for those of a corrupt and unjust nature, regrets and remorse will take their places in the mind.

But ungrateful as it is to the feelings to contemplate the agonising sensations of the dying man who has wielded a vast power cruelly and unjustly, repugnant as it must be to every mind, alive to virtuous sentiments, to humane action, and to love of justice, to watch either visibly or in contemplation the throes of repentant vice or wickedness, it is still more so to all who believe in the great truth that "as the tree falls there it lies," when they cast their eyes over the life of a man whose every action is known to the world, and whose last, and evidently last, days elicited no regrets nor even remembrances of injustice long continued, and which had cost the lives—perhaps the souls—of thousands.

It was in the beginning of July, in the year of Grace 1307, that the powerful, ambitious, and resentful Edward Plantagenet, the First King of England of that name, rose from his couch of sickness at Carlisle, resolved to march into Scotland to put an end, finally, as he presumed, to the wars which had almost desolated the borders of the two countries, and which had likewise made fearful ravages far into the interior of both. Fretted and indignant at the obstinate defence made by the Scots against his attempts to subjugate them to his dominion, lashed almost to madness at perceiving that his numerous victories did but give him advantage on the ground on which his army actually stood, and that the retirement of his troops after fancied conquest was only the signal for retaliation ; and stung with resentment upon finding a rival in the Bruce, who had been so many years his follower and had fought in his armies, the haughty Edward had collected an immense force, to sweep opposition before him from sea to sea, and establish at once and permanently his sovereignty over Scotland.

How aggravated must have been the feelings of this monarch, how fierce and implacable must have been his resentment, which could induce him to proceed from his sick-bed, upon a march in which he was unable to advance more than a mile or two each day notwithstanding his eagerness and his anger ! How often must the conviction have visited him that his ambitious schemes must, so far as he himself was concerned, be abortive and on the very eve of termination ! How sickening to his heart must have been the reflection, that his son and successor was not competent to wield either the sword or the sceptre, which in his own hands had been so vigorous and so dreaded ! How many misgivings must have flitted across his distracted mind, that this son upon whom depended the success of his darling and long cherished project, was both a recreant to valour, and incapable to govern ! Does not all this make the old King hesitate, does not the warrior calculate the possibility of retreat, does not the Sage prepare counsels against contingent mishap !

No ! He has but one master feeling in his bosom,—Revenge ! He burns to pour out on the devoted heads of the Scots the vials of his wrath, to punish the perfidy of the Scottish nobles who throughout the land had sworn allegiance to him again and again, and had broken their oaths as soon as he had withdrawn his forces ; he is infuriate against the young man who had not only escaped from what was imprisonment in the guise of freedom, but had actually been crowned in full form, in the ancient Scottish manner, King of the country on which Edward had centered all his desires. Revenge buoyed up his soul ; "the Spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak," six miles were all the distance he could accomplish in four diurnal revolutions, and at the small village of Burgh-upon-the-Sands, behold King Edward on his Death-bed.

His Death-bed ! There is every reason to believe he was conscious of this, for he had already called his heir to his bedside, before his departure from Carlisle, at which time and place he had given his final commands and exhortations, and after-experience of his malady must have convinced him that his days were numbered. No accounts, however, lead us to believe that any change took place in either his sentiments or his feelings, and it becomes necessary to believe that he died in the condition in which he gave his last instructions. And what were they ? History records the facts, and we may in imagination enter into the sick monarch's chamber and listen to them.

"Edward, my son and the heir of my throne, listen to me, and solemnly promise to obey me. Should I fall in the present expedition, or should death overtake me ere I can bring it to an issue, I adjure thee, by the bones of thy ancestors, and by the blood of holy saints and martyrs, that thou never desist nor relax in thy efforts, to quell effectually and for ever the audacity of those Scottish runagates, who have so repeatedly broken their oaths to me their lawful monarch, and have caused such distraction through my realm. Do thou pursue them, and punish them ; my body will not rest in the grave nor my soul repose in quiet until they be utterly subdued ; therefore, should I die, I enjoin thee my son that thou carry my bones with thee to battle. They will inspire

my army with additional courage, they will spread dismay through the hearts of the rebellious enemy, and thy Father shall yet be conqueror of Scotland as he has already been of Wales. Revenge the insolent ravages of these lawless men; make them a beacon and a warning against rebellion for ever,—and this do, or ever thou return to take thy seat on the English throne, or ever that thou lay my bones in their final sepulchre. Will thou promise this, my son, will thou swear to obey my dying commands?"

"I swear, my King and father," said young Edward, "fully to carry out thy high behest, and punctually to obey thy will in all things."

"I hear thee," continued the monarch, "and have further to enjoin upon thee."

"Say on," responded the young prince, whose good qualities had not yet entirely given way through misplaced friendships, "thy words are sacred in my ears;—I listen and obey."

"My son, in moments like this the truth must not be spared for the sake of the feelings; the wise man hath said 'He that spareth the rod spoileth the child,' and I take shame to myself that hitherto I have neglected that towards thee which was due to the heir of my house, the successor to my throne and Kingdom. Ill-timed lenity and constant war have kept me too much from thee, and I now grieve that so late I must reflect upon thy youthful career."

"Spare me in this, my father," said the prince, imploringly. "mine enemies and those of my friend have already been all-successful. Thou hast banished Gaveston from the realm at their suggestion, and I have, as in duty bound, submitted to thy sovereign will, yet knowing that it is the traitorous suggestions of jealous and evil-minded men, and not the ill-deservings of Pierce Gaveston that have driven him beyond the shores of England."

"No more, no more, Edward," replied the King, with a gesture of anger, "learn to know thy father better. King Edward, though rigorous in justice, condemns no man hastily. This Gaveston, whom my affairs have left too much at freedom to strengthen his evil influence, is the friend of thy fortunes, not of thee. Woe to the prince whose friends have no good qualities but those which are personal. What canst thou urge in his behalf? He is a foreign adventurer, but this is not his fault; for talents and virtue are not to be despised because their possessor is poor and a stranger; but I have been convinced that he is licentious, vain, insolent, and cruel; that, although young in years, he is rapacious in spirit, and, worse, that he was gaining over thee an ascendancy, which would pervert every virtue, render thee tyrannical, weak, and his creature, the hatred of thy subjects and the contempt of thy brother monarchs. I have banished him, for ever—nay," seeing the son about to remonstrate, "speak not for him; I am thy King, thy father, and thy judge, and I conjure thee—conjure did I say? I command thee never to receive the insidious traitor again into this Kingdom of England. Obey me and my blessing rest upon thee, refuse me and my heaviest malediction be upon thy head."

"My lord," said young Edward, "ought I to leave poor Gaveston destitute, defenceless, and at the mercy of powerful and remorseless enemies? Is it suitable to—"

"Thou art right, Edward, in this. It is not for the dignity of princes that those who have been allowed their intercourse should be plunged in beggary as well as disgrace. This man has never been publicly accused, therefore the guilt of crime is not to be heaped upon him. Let him enjoy the goods of this life to the extent which belongs to an associate of the court; be even more liberal if thou wilt, so that thou be not extravagant, nor cause the rough censures of the Barons, but never again insult them with his presence. Wilt thou obey me, Edward?"

"My lord, I obey," said the latter, hesitatingly.

"Swear to me, then," the King sternly replied, "my soul will then be eased on that score. Swear by the holy cross, and by all the blessed Saints and Martyrs, to obey without reserve this my importunate command."

"I swear, my lord," replied the prince, with a sigh, "and doubt not my compliance with the oath although reluctantly given."

"Tis well, my son, and do thou believe that thy reign,—perhaps thy life—hangs greatly on the faithfulness with which thou shalt keep this oath. Edward thou knowest not yet, in all its force, the importance of watchfulness against foreign favoritism. By it came all the sufferings of thy royal grandsire, and by it thou mayst be thyself undone." Then perceiving marks of impatience on the young man's countenance, the King continued with more saddened tones to accuse himself; "thou hast been schooled hereon before, and never perhaps in right manner; for I feel concerned that I, as much as thou, am to blame herein. I never had a favourite, but entertained this young Gaveston in reward for his father's conduct in my French wars. I ought to have watched betimes the character of one who so rapidly acquired the confidence of England's future monarch, and deeply grieved I that the mischief of his disposition was consummated ere I was aware of any danger. But these Scottish and French wars have left me little of the leisure which a parent requires, and the affairs of state have made that little less. Interrupt me not," said the King quietly but impressively, "these are perhaps important moments to us both. This Gaveston returns no more, but thou, my Edward, must yet have advice from thy father who, it may be, gives it for the last time."

"I listen with respect," said the young man, whose face did much belie the words, but he successfully hid its expression from the stern monarch.

"Thou hast ever been too facile, my son, and liable to be borne down by the opinions of others. This Gaveston—nay, I will not name him again,—the hot-brained among our barons, and all who are prepossessing and gay, have charms for thee, and lead thee against what I would fain hope is thy better reason. Take not these, nor any of these to be thy counsellors or directors for

their mere personal attractions, else they may prove a scourge to thee. The barons of England have been a turbulent race of men, from the days of the usurper Stephen until now; they can be kept in their obedience by the cool head, and the strong hand of the sovereign, and by the absolute impartiality and the glories of the crown; but woe to the weak and to the vacillating,—greater woe to the interloper upon their privileges, from a foreign land. Be popular by being ever just to thy people, and they will be thy best safe-guards against the tumults of the nobles. Be just, be it even to severity, but never let thy sentence spring from caprice or levity.

"I feel weak, my son, and need repose. Leave me, now, but again—and were these words my last—I adjure thee, take my bones before thee, should I die, and let them be the palladium of thy army, the bane and discomfiture of those perjured Scots, who have so often broken their sworn allegiance. I, or my issue, shall yet be King of Scotland."

The prince retired. Next day the King resumed his march, but never again renewed his counsel; on the fourth eve his strength utterly failed him, and ere he morning, the conqueror of Wales, the arrow in the heart of France, the error of Scotland, the dauntless, wise, unconquered Edward of England, was but "as the clod of the valley," an equal with the beggar, a corpse!

It skills not to trace out, now, the course of his successor, nor to enquire how far the latter kept his last oath to his gallant father; this and much more in the conduct of the second Edward may be subject of future meditation. But the deceased King still speaks though breathless, and man is bound to listen to the undoubted instruction which proceeds from those who can speak no more.

No prince ever had better evidence than Edward of the truth of those warnings which he endeavoured at his latest hour to impress upon his son and successor. At the matured age of thirty-four he had succeeded to the throne, having previously seen and experienced much during the long and turbulent reign of his father, the weak-minded Henry III. He had seen the insolence, and its consequences, of the hordes of mercenary soldiers and foreign adventurers who had spread themselves over the face of the land,—the locusts of Europe during that age, and the insolent masters of those whose creatures they pretended to be. He was growing fast to manhood when the solemn and humiliating scene took place, at which the barons extinguished the torches which they held in their hands and indignantly uttered the objurcation that each soul might "stink in hell like those extinguished fires, who should break the oaths then sworn." The flush of indignation had been raised on Edward's face, when De Montfort, himself a foreigner, had dared to throw the lie in King Henry's face; never did he forget, and bitterly did he avenge it.

It is remarkable,—and a concurrence of circumstances not much dissimilar has taken place at a much more recent day, that the year 1238, which brought to England the greatest plague to Henry, was the year of King Edward's birth,—the birth of him who should avenge his father of that plague; and perhaps that very recollection might more than once occur to the prince, who was generally reflective and prudent as he was brave and wise. He knew also the advantage of self-reliance and firmness in public affairs, but, alas! he had not reflected that these properties will not grow out of late advice, when weakness of purpose, love of pleasure, and mere selfish affection were the settled characteristics.

It is well known that the system of introducing mercenaries, which had been common in Europe for two centuries before the time we speak of, had led to many disorders and much corruption, wheresoever they made their appearance. The rapine, violence, and insolence of this unscrupulous description of soldiery were the cause of much demoralization; so much so, that robbery and violence had become but too common among the people themselves, partly in retaliation and partly from example. Edward, however, no sooner came to the throne than, with all the arbitrary determination of the times, he set about the reforms of those abuses, and the establishment of justice through the land. How short-sighted is human wisdom! To put down one evil, he ignorantly substituted another. Finding the judiciary generally to be either weak or corrupt, he commissioned judges itinerant to go forth through the realm, to punish severely in all cases of delinquency, of which those judges were almost at their own discretion. It is true they effected in very large measure the reforms committed to their charge, but under a weaker-handed master the system would have been as cruel as it was arbitrary, and were it not for the state of society at the juncture, might have been a heavy oppression instead of a salutary cure.* Edward enjoys yet the proud title of the English Justiman, and with all his personal pride and arbitrary disposition an abstract love of justice he certainly possessed, and the laws of England have in them many a valuable gem, the first glimpses of which may be found in his reign.

Edward by no means theorised when he advised and forewarned his son with regard to the barons of his kingdom; for, besides his early experience during the life of his father, he had more than once learned that not even his own proud spirit and habits of command could at all times overcrow the haughty feelings of his nobles; the Earl De Warenne, one of the most powerful among them gave proof of this. When Edward's pecuniary necessities were great, and he was obliged to devise means of recruiting his exchequer, he bethought him,

* I am disposed to believe, that it was chiefly the enormous dissoluteness and irregularity of manners introduced by the mercenaries, which deformed England so much in the reign of Edward I., that the ordinary judges were thought unable to execute the laws. This, it would seem, made Edward create a new tribunal of justice, which had power to traverse the Kingdom, and to inflict discretionary punishments on offenders.—(*Spelm. Gloss voce Trailbaston*).—Yet a court so inquisitorial was a daring insult to a free nation, and infinitely a greater calamity, than all the disorders which prevailed. That country is miserable where the discretion of the judge is the law.—*Dr. Gilbert Stuart*.—Note in "*View of Society in Europe*."

among other schemes, of making all the tenants in chief produce their charters or deeds of gift, in order to prove their titles to the lands they enjoyed; and when these could not be exhibited, which was often likely to be the case,—for the barons were more familiar with deeds of arms than with deeds of law,—the King pretended a seizure of those estates, as the sole landed proprietor of England, and levied heavy fines for their restoration under new titles. The King's commissioners asked the usual question, "Shew your titles," and were not a little startled by the baron's answer. Drawing his sword, he laid it upon the table before them, saying, in tones unsuitable to an arbitrary monarch's ear, "Behold my title! With this my ancestor won the lands I hold, and with this I will defend them!" The right was no farther disputed, and Edward had the good sense to put an end to that scheme. But the stern King had yet a harder mortification to bear; he had to endure the mortification of being bearded to his face, and to put up with the affront. Prompt, decisive, and exacting, he had ordered the proud head of the house of Bohun to take the command of an expedition into Guienne, which the baron refused as not being within the tenure of his office. Edward, exasperated against his refractory vassal, hastily exclaimed, "By the everlasting God, Sir Earl, you shall either go or hang!" Little was he prepared for the reply which was coolly and resolutely given; "By the Everlasting God, Sir King, I will neither go nor hang."—Nor did he; the Earl withdrew himself and his followers, thirty more of the barons followed his example, and the mortified King had to lay aside all thought of the proposed expedition.

Examples like these were not to be forgotten by the sagacious Edward, and well might he press his advice on this head, upon a son concerning whom he could not but have uneasy misgivings.

But what says history concerning the secret communings of Edward with himself, what acts does she record of his "Last Days" that would indicate the workings of conscience, on what positions of his life are there any proofs of remorse or of regret? Her pages are blank thereon; he sternly pursued his relentless course against Scotland, so long as fast-decaying strength would permit, and at length died, without shewing an iota of compunction for the past or of mercy for the future.

Was he then fortified in the conscious rectitude of his designs, or was he a mere iron soldier, a man whom years of blood and strife had hardened into indifference towards right or wrong? He was neither of these; he was what constitutional feelings, the force of circumstances, and the character of the times, had all conspired to make him; and numerous as were his faults, great as was frequently his injustice, cruel as in many instances he proved himself, we are not to consider his conduct as it would be if he had lived and acted in our own time, but as produced by impulses which prevailed in the age in which he lived.

The cruelty of Edward towards the Jews was as great as that of his most remorseless predecessor, but the general feeling against that unhappy nation was such that acts of indignity and cruelty against them were considered meritorious; and besides, he had been personally engaged in the Crusades, and all his religious fervour and pious hatred had received additional stimulus in Palestine; the examples of the Princes of his house, and his own actual necessities lulled any remorseful feeling which might by possibility accrue, and it may be doubted whether any such ever rose in his bosom. The sight of human torture, inflicted in cold blood, might have moved him, for nature is ever true to herself, but from this he was saved by his exalted position.

In an age when arms, conquest, and dominion occupied the heart of every one within the pale of knighthood, it is natural enough to suppose that the Kings of England would look with longing eyes upon Wales which was such a "huge cantle out" of South Britain, and perhaps devices little better than flimsy would be found sufficient to ground a quarrel upon. But Edward was better provided with an excuse for war upon the Welsh, and, having "put his hand to the plough" he was not one of those "who look back" and content themselves with half-way measures. The Welsh prince had been an active partizan of De Montfort, yet Edward nobly forgave him when those disturbances were put down; and it was not until he received subsequent and continuous provocations that he carried these arms into the West, which in the end introduced the usage of saluting the eldest son of the English King, Prince of Wales. Historians, indeed, have not been wanting, who brand the name of King Edward with infamous cruelty, on account of the severity with which he punished David, the Welsh prince, for fighting against him; but here again we must carry our ideas back to the times in which these transactions took place, and although Edward may not stand excused, his conduct will admit of palliation. David and his brother Roderic having been despoiled by Llewellyn, the reigning prince, fled to the court of Edward who received and treated them kindly. They even marched with him against Llewellyn, but upon the death, in battle, of the latter, David assumed the government, fought against his benefactor, was taken prisoner, and put to death. This David was guilty of treachery, ingratitude, and desertion, and deserved punishment at Edward's hands, although not perhaps so severely nor so ignominiously as that of hanging, drawing, and quartering.

Thus far then, and considered with relation to the manners and mode of reasoning in the thirteenth century, there may be much to condemn, but little to stigmatize severely in the character and conduct of Edward. But what shall be said of him with regard to his treatment of the Scots? The English King's cupidity was not less, in his views upon Scotland, than they had been in that of Wales; but he had not the excuse of either expediency on his own part, or of perfidy on that of his antagonist. He was urged on by sheer ambition and the thirst of domination; he had not the shadow of a claim on Scotland, even loose as were then the laws of succession, and he rested his hopes of success

on nothing better than the greatness of his military strength, and the number of the Scottish claimants to the succession of the Scottish throne. The ravages which were committed under his authority in the course of the long and insensate pursuit of an unjust purpose, the blood that was spilt like water, to deter the patriots from their country's defence, the robbery and spoliation of the national documents and regalia, the cruelty of too many of his creatures, and the black catastrophe of the execution of Wallace, are stains upon the character of King Edward which will be ineffaceable, and held in odious memory throughout the remotest future annals of nations.

They received much of their measure of reward during his own life, and that measure was filled up in future generations. His inroads upon Scotland never procured for his army more ground than they stood upon, he was often defeated and humiliated, his most remarkable instrument, Cressingham, was actually flayed, and the skin of the miscreant was really and ignominiously made into leather, to form covers for the saddles of the Scottish warriors. Edward's guest—more properly perhaps his prisoner—acquired the crown which for so many years was the principal object of his own ambition, his son's army was swept once and for ever from the Scottish soil, and, in after days a Scottish monarch, a descendant of the Bruce, sat upon the English throne by due right of succession.

How true it is, and how thankful should man be that

"Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed our present state."

If Edward could have looked into futurity, bitter would have been the lesson to his ambitious soul; though, such is human nature, it is doubtful whether it would have changed his ambitious views. *Mutatis mutandis* one may apply to such a contingency the words of the Saviour in the Rich Man and Lazarus, "If they believe not Moses nor the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

GERMAN THEOLOGY—JOHN RONGE.

[From the last Westminster Review.]

Germany not only has established by solemn compact the great principle that beneficence is the true bond of Christian union, it is now on a very large scale showing, in the person and achievements of the justly celebrated John Ronge, that the country which gave birth to the Lutheran Reformation has taken effectual means for the origination and furtherance of a similar movement. It is a remarkable fact, that the relations of the Catholic and the Protestant Churches have remained till the present day, the same externally as they were left by Luther; no nation, no large portion of any nation, has since then gone over to either the one side or the other. Yet the most strenuous efforts have been made by Catholics to recover, and by Protestants to extend, the spiritual influence "lost and won" under the auspices of that great reformer. The utmost has been done which the most decided and zealous dogmatism could effect. In vain; the Protestant Reformation seemed to have exhausted its energies in one great effort. In this country zealous Protestants did not indeed fail to hope; but they were reduced to hoping against hope, and no few signs appeared which gave evidence that the Catholicism of Rome was positively, if not largely increasing. Such a result surprised even those whose religion is tempered by philosophy, though they had clearly seen that the "No-Popery" cry, and other inculpatory and unworthy means taken against Catholicism, was likely to retard rather than advance the spread of the Protestant Church. And whatever its tendency in this behalf, the false alarms, the anti-social and illiberal invectives, the vituperations of narrowness and bigotry, could not fail to be condemned by all men of enlarged minds, on many grounds as well as on this, that the Roman Church still remained the church of the large majority of Christian professors, and may as such, as well as in consideration of its antiquity, claim to be treated with consideration, if not respect. In this Protestant country the fact not stated seems to be frequently forgotten. Protestants being here a large majority, act sometimes with the insolence and the tyranny to which majorities appear to be much prone. If numbers are useful in political economy, they may probably teach liberality in religion. Well, then, in 1840 there were in Europe of Roman Catholics 126,147,819; of Protestants, 56,004,406. Why even the Greek Church has a community larger than Protestantism by two millions of souls. In view of these large numbers how petty appears the bigotry of the smaller sects of this land,—among the most intemperate in zeal against Catholicism.

That this unchristian ardour, which is often little else than ill temper and bad passion under the cloak of religion, should have failed to make encroachments on the strongly fortified camp of the Romanists might have been predicted. Yet the tendency of the culture and spirit of the age seemed to bear in an opposite direction to the currents of Papal influence. Why, then, did not that culture bring about open manifestations of its power? The chief reason was that the culture had no religious channel, could find no religious expression. At least in this country the spirit of the age stood aloof from religious strivings and contests, as a prudent man keeps at a distance from a brawl. In Germany, however, this severance, this jealousy did not exist. Religion welcomed the influence of the spirit of secular culture. She received it into alliance with herself; she went hand in hand with that culture. She declared that she had no interests that were not common with the interest of the highest civilisation and the fullest and largest liberty. She showed in fact that she did not fear the light, but loved it. She proved her sincerity by sacrifices. In a word, she made common cause with literature, philosophy, science, progress. One result was that she threw off old forms and outward badges, and became more spiritual, pure, lofty, and benign. Another result is now being educed in the extraordinary deeds of Ronge; what dogmatism failed to achieve is now being well and rapidly done by a religious expression of the spirit of the age. Catholicism was impenetrable to abuse; it crumbles away under the dissolving breath of knowledge and Christian love.

For a long time those who watched events in the religious world, wondered that no reformatory movement took place within the bosom of the Romish Church. The German Protestant clergy had by their industry, research, learning, and free speech, produced, among at least the more enlightened members of their church, a complete revolution in matters of religion, causing its old outward forms to be thrown off, and a new spirit of power and love to be evolved from its essence. It was also well known from their writings, that

Catholic theologians had partaken in the general improvement. How, then, was it that in the Catholic community there was no outward and popular manifestation of these great changes? The new German Catholic Church solves the difficulty. It is the off-spring of methods of inquiry and modes of thought which have been in operation in Germany for more than half a century.

Ronge is the child of religious reform. "The hour" has produced "the man," and "the man" will accelerate the tendencies of "the hour." This church is a new triumph of the Lutheran Reformation. Catholicism is still under the spell of Luther's words, and is now beginning in truth to reform itself. Who can say that it will not give important lessons to Protestantism in return for what it has learnt, teaching those who still cling to salvation by opinion, to throw off the shackles of the schools and to own no master but Christ?

On the 18th of August in the last year, the entire country which lies on the south-western border of Germany, towards France, was seen in active and lively movement; every high-road covered, from the break of day, with joyously-looking multitudes of various ranks, but mostly of the lower classes, at tired each in his best. The hum of many voices strikes the ear; numerous and gaudy colours flaunt on the eye; bright faces full of a certain holy expectation; priests in their clerical vestments, with flowers, garlands, and bands of music, stream along in procession down the hills and through the vale which forms a bed for the lovely Moselle; combining to produce an impression of the beautiful which can be realized nowhere but in Catholic countries of the continent, and on an occasion like that to which we are referring.

The gathering crowds pass on, displaying every minute more and more hilarity, as if approaching some eagerly desired goal; new groups break into view now here, now there; at one time emerging from this wood, at another from that defile; and forming, under the leadership, each group of its own clergy, wend their way, in the greatest order as well as the greatest excitement, to the gates of the old and venerable city of Treves (German, Trier; Lat. Augusta Trevirorum), honoured by affording a residence even to Roman emperors, and still more by religious relics, traditions, and antiquities, which stretch back to the primeval ages of Christianity; a city the oldest bishopric of Germany, and once the capital of a principality. As they enter, the bells of many churches salute them with a jubilee, and the entire population rises up to give the visitors a cordial greeting. Thus received, the assembled multitudes proceed to the cathedral, through which they are slowly marshalled, and then conducted to one of the neighbouring churches, where they take refreshment and rest, are admitted to the confession of their sins, and assured of full and unqualified forgiveness, ere they return to their home or pay a visit to relations and friends.

The impulse which has called these thousands forth from all parts of one bishopric, is speedily spread beyond its limits, causing similar crowds to direct their steps to the same spot from over distant districts of Germany and France. The scene lasts for several weeks—one continuous train of pilgrims, one constant waste of time, energy, resources. What is the object which has called forth this enthusiasm? Is it some noble aim of benevolence? The presence of so many ministers of religion, the observance of so many religious ceremonies, would seem to indicate a benign or a pious intention. The sad truth is, it is only to look at an old coat. And yet we are in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and Treves is in the centre of European civilisation.

That which immediately gave occasion to this vast popular movement was a circular letter addressed by Arnoldi, Bishop of Treves, to the clergy of his diocese, directing them to invite the flocks of their several parishes to repair to the cathedral of that city, "in order to behold and honour the priceless jewel therein preserved, namely, the coat without seam (John xix. 23) of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!" And as if to remind men of the necessity of a second Reformation, the bishop makes mention of a bull of Leo X., by which, in 1514, a pilgrimage, accompanied by suitable presents to the high church at Treves, was to be rewarded, in the case of each individual, by the entire remission of sins. The rather does the bishop now call together the faithful around this relic, because a period of thirty-four years has elapsed since they were permitted to feast their eyes with a sight of the holy object, and the priests had an opportunity of regaling themselves on the very abundant proceeds of the exhibition. Accordingly, the holy coat is shown on the appointed day, after the glad announcement of its arrival had been made on the previous noon and evening by all the church bells of the city. At eight o'clock in the morning Bishop Arnoldi is beheld, performing mass at the high altar. Canon Dr. Braun pronounces from the pulpit a discourse on the genuineness and wonderful virtues of the sacred vestment. Then comes the happy, the long-expected moment. The robe is elevated and suspended over the high altar, intervening objects having been removed; and at one o'clock the processions begin to pass through the cathedral, every eye directed eastward, and every heart beating with pleasing solicitude. Order is preserved partly by the clergy, partly by the police. We scarcely need add, that due care is taken to prevent the worshippers from omitting to leave their free-will offering behind.

The last day of the appointed pilgrim-period was distinguished by special ceremonies. There hung the sacred robe to be saluted, for the last time, till after a long interval, by one of the highest dignitaries of the church,—a bishop, professor, apostolic vicar, Dr. Laurent, followed by a very numerous band of clergy, proceeds to pay his devoirs to the old coat, at the head of a long, partly imposing, partly glittering procession, made up of priests, people, young girls dressed in white and crowned with wreaths of flowers, with flags, with musical choirs, with bands, and the cathedral bells "chiming merrily." The dignified visitor is ceremoniously received by his brother Bishop of Treves, and conducted into the presence of the said old coat.

During the happy moment or two that each individual is able to fix his distant gaze on the suspended garment, prayers break from the lips, which being addressed in part to Jesus Christ, in part to the coat itself, combine a strange mixture of good and pious feeling with superstitious idolatry. Lo! from the lips of professed Christians the supplication is heard, "Holy coat, help us!" The more ardent, wishing for a permanent good, put up the entreaty, "Sacred Christ, envelope our souls!" While those whose bodily ailments scarcely allow them to limp onward with the throng, beseech the senseless rag in these terms: "Blessed robe of our Lord, relieve us from these afflictions!"

Such was the enthusiasm kindled, that hundreds affected with disease went away convinced that they were healed in body as well as relieved in soul. The power of miracle as well as the odour of sanctity was diffused throughout the scene; and if any whose temperament was too phlegmatic to take the prevalent contagion, found their disorders unremedied, the blind still without sight, the deaf unimpressed by sound, the palsied incapable of voluntary motion,—these persons ascribed their infelicity not to any want of efficacy in the relic,

but to their own great sinfulness, their failure in some required form, the disfavour of their confessor, the heterodoxy of some associate. How many, during the licence which subsequently prevailed, lost character and peace of mind, together with their little substance, is known to Him only who reads the heart; but it may be assumed that the majority took back with them nothing but a vague and delusive feeling of having performed a great religious duty, not of a nature to sustain them under the bitter and almost unparalleled privations and sufferings which the extreme severity of the last winter inflicted on persons whose resources had been wholly expended, and whose credit had been taxed to the utmost. Terrible was their endurance, especially when, at the approach of spring, the Rhine being suddenly swollen by melting snow and ice, laid the entire country along its banks under water. Could anything have opened the leaden eyes of this infatuated peasantry, the varied long and heavy woes which they had to endure immediately after the pilgrimage, would have sufficed to teach them, that in no sense were either themselves or their devotions objects of special regard in the sight of the Governor of the world.

But the scene we have described is witnessed by a young priest, who at last becomes too indignant to hold his peace. His name is Ronge.

John Ronge was born on the 16th of October, 1813, at Bishopswalde, in the district of Neisse, a principality of which the greater portion belongs to Prussia, the smaller to Austria, subject to the Bishop of Breslau, who, up to the year 1820, was master of the whole. Ronge's father possessed a small landed estate, but he had eight children, who, in consequence of their parents' narrow means, were obliged to labour for their subsistence. John, until his twelfth year, was employed in keeping sheep. His condition afforded little opportunity for instruction, except in the long nights of winter, when out-of-door occupations were impossible. Yet the mental cultivation of the boy was not at a complete stand still. A shepherd's life is especially fitted to foster the tendencies of a poetical temperament, and though instruction was sparing enough yet it afforded the first materials for thought, which might be, and were, successfully improved in the solitudes of the field. Ronge had received some training at the hands of the church, and employed himself while tending his flock with reading the Bible, and in religious meditations. In his subsequent education he distinguished himself by successful diligence, having formed a desire to employ his energies in the Christian priesthood. Catholicism had the advantage that it furnished means which the poverty of the family denied. Accordingly, though Ronge was poor, he was enabled to proceed, in 1827, to the High School, or College, of Breslau. His demeanour in both institutions was blameless. As a scholar no less than as a student, he led a quiet and simple life, little noticed by his companions, but occupied with the study of history, and, at a later period, of theology. These pursuits increased his preference of a sacred calling. In political matters he took the celebrated historian Rotteck for his guide, who awakened in Ronge a strong love of that free thinking by which his own writings are characterised. Entire tranquillity of mind did not fall to his lot. From time to time doubts arose within him whether he should be able to fulfil the demands which the predominant party made on every new spiritual teacher; but he suppressed these solicitudes, and ascribed them to suggestions made to him by well-meaning, but, as he then considered them, unwise friends. The earnest desire of his parents to see him enter on the clerical duties, kept him on the road that led to the church. He was also confirmed in his intention by a wish to relieve them of care for his education.

Towards the end of the year 1839, he entered the Ecclesiastical Academy at Breslau. In this institution, which was to win his heart and prepare his mind for the church, he was led to renounce the church, as it existed under the guidance of Rome. He had expected that worthy teachers would labour to develop the internal excellences of gifted young men, but found, instead, men who made it their aim to destroy in their pupils every germ of independence, and to set forth obedience to Rome and its representatives as their first great duty; on the other hand he found scholars who had defiled their natural feelings of honour by hypocrisy, and sought to gain the good will of their Principal by every means, tale-bearing and calumny not excepted. His mind revolted against the requirements of the ritual observances that were practised in the college; against the lengthy prayers, full of repetitions, which could be no other than mechanical, and which robbed useful studies of time and energy. Yet he persevered. The office of a Catholic priest has great attractions, especially for the child of poor parents. It raises him who is devoted to it, humble as his lot by birth may be, to stand in the high position between God and man, of one who is the channel through which the former transmits his highest and choicest favours to the latter. To this position Ronge looked as a full reward for his patient endurance. He was also encouraged by the thought that liberty would come at the time when he entered on the duties of his sacred profession.

Towards the year 1840 he left the academy, and accepted the office of curate at Grottkau. He was soon undeceived. The tactics of the Jesuits, in order to bring the church of Silesia under their own power, had engendered a brood of zealots who scented apostasy in every free word of a priest, and lay in offensive watch around the pulpit, whence they thought such words were likely to fall. Ronge, who could have no sympathy with the Jesuits, and who had formed to himself an idea of the church after a primitive model, according to which she was the true mother of the faithful, and a promoter of the culture of the clergy, found himself alienated from the pulpit by the proceedings of these ecclesiastical spies. His refuge was the school, into which informers could not come, and where no one could forbid him to sow in the hearts of the young the seeds of what is good and beautiful. In his leisure hours he composed what he termed "Catholic Songs"—which gave expression to the grief of his oppressed soul against the tyranny of Rome.

Ere long he was brought into open hostility with the Jesuit party. In the cathedral church at Breslau there presided, as administrator-general, a Dr. Ritter, who was on many sides accused of arbitrary conduct, favouritism, and hostility to men of independent minds. The bishopric had been vacant a year when the Chapter, at last, near the termination of 1841, united in the choice of a successor in Dr. Knauer. This election was hailed on every hand, for Knauer had won universal esteem by his mildness and liberality. The more unwelcome was the extraordinary delay of Rome in giving sanction to the choice. The end of the year 1842 came, and the bishopric was still unfilled. Under these circumstances the conclusion was natural that artifice was at work in the Chapter. Suspensions fell on Ritter whose power would end with the installation of the new bishop. Ronge, who expected a milder sway under the bishop elect, gave expression to his sentiments in a brief essay entitled "Rome and the Cathedral Church of Breslau," which he sent to some of the public papers. The signature which it bore was simply "A Curate." But Ronge was suspected of being the author, and Dr. Ritter came forward to take steps against him. Ronge was required, on his word of honour as a priest, to say whether he had sent this publication or had had any part in it.

He did not choose to give his adversaries the means of proceeding against him in this summary manner. His answer was, that his conscience did not permit him to answer the question in the way proposed.

There now followed a yet more summary and arbitrary step. Without a hearing, without further inquiry, without the slightest evidence, Dr. Ritter, supported by the Chapter, declared Ronge deprived of his office, and directed him to repair to the seminary in Breslau, there to undergo such punishment as might justify his being forgiven.

Fanaticism did not rest: after it had obtained its first object. Not satisfied with pursuing Ronge himself, his enemies assailed his sister in so bitter a manner that she most earnestly prayed her brother to submit, in order that she might be free from the calumnies that were vented against her. Apparent friends begged and urged him to make his peace with the church, by what would have been a dishonourable recantation. It soon became usual to warn persons who repaired to confession to be on their guard against him as a heretic. He was charged not only with ecclesiastical disobedience, but immorality; and as no better proofs could be given of the latter imputation, his accusers made the most that they could of these—his hair was too long, his coat too short, his countenance was not sufficiently serious.

Unsubdued by these discreditable proceedings, the accused man demanded an inquiry and a sentence. Meanwhile Bishop Knauer had entered into his office. To him Ronge turned. He named himself as the author of the obnoxious essay, explained his motives, and asked for restoration to his duties. The bishop promised that restoration, but his influence was only subordinate; and on a second application from Ronge he took the opposite side. The extreme party found in this step of their opponent a fresh inducement to further hostilities. The temporary deprivation from his cure was changed into a permanent deposition, and all the clergy of Silesia were forbidden to receive him as a clergyman. Thereupon a new storm broke forth, for the Romanists considered themselves justified in everything, and even insulted Ronge whenever he entered a church. He was compelled to give up his situation in Grottkau. Provided with the most honourable testimonials from the municipality, as well as from many of the inhabitants, he left the town, and sought a temporary abode on the property of Count Reichenbach, who had offered him an asylum. Thence he proceeded to Laurabutte, in Upper Silesia, near the Russian boundaries, and there engaged in the duties of education. His hours of leisure he employed in preparing writings directed against Rome, some of which have since been published. Here, as in Grottkau, he showed a deep regard and an enthusiastic love for children. But a new and most honourable vocation was now to be given him. The exposure of the holy coat at Trier, as an object of veneration, to the stolid peasantry of the Rhine, broke down in Ronge's mind the thin barrier of patient endurance that remained, and compelled him to assume the honourable but perilous position of a religious reformer.

There was nothing in Ronge's character of an unworthy nature to urge him to this enterprise. He possesses none of the qualities of a demagogue. He is the very opposite of fanatical. His entire being is that of a child. In person he is of a pleasing mien: simple, plain, and unpretending in his manners. He is of medium stature, neither corpulent nor thin; his body is somewhat bent, which he tries to raise by throwing back his head, whence the upper part of his frame has something stiff and constrained. He has a fresh, open, and free countenance, which, shaded by a tinge of melancholy—the token of a long and severe inner struggle—is, on the other hand, lighted up by a clear, bright eye. By nature he is shy and timid; only in a small circle of friends does he become warm, and then his conversation is lively, flowing, and captivating; in large and mixed societies, he is reserved and silent. As a preacher, he is simple, clear, severely logical, and easy to be understood, working on the intellect rather than on the feelings; less warming than convincing his auditors. Fanatics call his sermons jejune. Careful preparation is essential to his speaking with effect, which is the more noticeable because in conversation he is able to handle a given subject with acuteness and versatility. In private life Ronge is a good, estimable, modest man, with warm affections and a true heart. If any soul is pure and chaste in the fullest sense of the word, it is his. He is beneficent even to imprudence. With an income of forty-eight dollars a year he always had resources with which to aid the poor and needy. Convivial enjoyment he regards with indifference; yet does he require for his happiness the comforts of the family circle, and is fond of children almost to weakness.

Such is the man who girded on a spiritual sword and rushed forward to assail superstition.

The consequences which have already resulted from the efforts of Ronge and his associates are of the most extraordinary kind. It is only to the great ordinal movements of society we must look to find a parallel. Such was the Lutheran Reformation. Such was the enthusiasm that heralded the revival of letters. Such was the general and loud acclaim with which the first crusade was hailed. In even the rise of Christianity we find no few points of marked resemblance. The entire land has been moved. The German heart has leaped forth at the sound of Ronge's voice, as though it had been waiting for the call. Protestants vie with Catholics in enthusiasm. Differences are fused down by the ardour of a new Christian love. The press utters its voice. The pulpit echoes with the accents of fresh and vigorous life. Ronge's progress through the land is a triumph. Greater still is the triumph which his principles are enjoying in the hearts of almost every member of the great German family.

Ronge has his enemies; but had he not enemies we should question his pretensions. Darkness is the invariable enemy of light. Superstition looks both frowningly and fearfully on religion. Accordingly Ronge has been assailed in every possible manner. Not content with hard words, his assailants have attempted to stone him; and failing in outward violence, have employed secret intrigues to bring down on his head the strong and avenging arm of the law.

The greatest excitement prevails throughout the country. In a land like Germany, where the popular mind has outgrown the social institutions, and where for the most part an uneasy, not to say jealous, feeling prevails between the governor and governed, such an excitement could not be unattended with peril. The King of Saxony was led to publish, on the 17th of July, a decree, which at least bore the appearance of being an invasion of that religious liberty to which, in the abstract, it, in imitation of the general tone of the German governments, professed itself favourable. In this decree it is ordained that the confession of Augsburg shall be maintained intact, and nothing, whether in private or in public, bearing against that confession shall be done. Opposition is to be given to every attempt to found societies or hold meetings in which the confession of Augsburg may be brought into question.

The appearance of this state paper became the signal for the outbreak of discontent and disaffection. The fundamental and the dearest liberties of the

people seemed assailed. Prince John, Duke of Saxony, the King's brother, a zealous Catholic, was held to have exerted great influence in causing its publication. When therefore, a short time after, he appeared in Leipsic, he was received with the most decided marks of disapprobation. The manifestations of that disapproval was long, if not violent too, and unhappily led to the employment of force on the part of the military, which occasioned the loss of several lives. This event is more untoward in consequence of the peculiar relation in which the King of Saxony stands to the greater part of his subjects. He is himself a Roman Catholic, while 1,750,000 of those subjects are Protestants, and only 30,000 belong to the same church as the monarch; and the circle of Leipsic contains 2,000 Roman Catholics, but nearly 400,000 Lutherans or Protestants.

The immediate result of this effusion of blood, has been to occasion a great increase of difficulty and much distress of mind to Ronge and his associates. The aspect of the governments has become severe; but the melancholy event has also increased the determination of the people, and this intervention of a foreign and destructive power will ere long be proved to have given fresh vigour to the new Reformation, and prepared the way for its achieving yet more signal triumphs.

The movement is indeed rapidly becoming too strong for effectual resistance. As a source of concern and trouble, it was from the first regarded with dissatisfaction by the civil powers, who soon, however, saw that active resistance to its progress was not to be thought of. Gentle in consequence were the words of indirect disapprobation which they put forth. Prussia, for instance, said in effect, that full religious liberty was a civil right, and not to be called in question. Yet the state had no intention to recognize a new sect. Under actual circumstances, it could not say whether the new communities would be permanent; therefore the government would wait. Meanwhile the movement should be neither checked nor promoted by the civil powers. But as the new societies were not recognized, they could not enjoy civil privileges. The government would treat them as separate and independent institutions; and those who took the lead in them as individuals, and not as clergymen. Such societies could not be permitted to use the places of worship recognized by the state, nor could their ministers be held to give a legal sanction to marriage. Protestants, therefore, were not to allow the use of their churches to the so-called German Catholics, nor was a marriage solemnized by their ministers to be valid in point of law, unless a Protestant clergyman took part in the ceremony.

But the enthusiasm of the nation is gradually dissolving these bonds. Communities of the new Catholics protest that they will allow no second party to interfere in marriages solemnized by their own clergy. Protestants have replied that, in obedience to a higher law than that of the state, they feel compelled to lend their churches to their reforming brethren. The local authorities permit the use of halls and large rooms which are at their disposal, and even contribute large sums of money to aid in supporting the new societies. Protestants of all ranks come forward with aid. It has become a sort of fashion for Protestants to present to the reformed Catholics services of plate suitable for use in the celebration of the sacrament. Females form themselves into societies in order to procure funds and furniture for the new churches, of which, within less than a twelvemonth, one hundred and fifty six are recorded to have been formally constituted in different parts of Germany, to say nothing of the yet unassociated thousands that are scattered over the surface of the country.

Through these and other facts of a similar kind, the Prussian government has seen fit to yield a little—having recently (July the 8th) stated its intention of empowering local church governors to grant to the Dissidents the use of their places of worship under certain prescribed conditions. This concession is but a prelude to a full recognition, at least in Prussia, where religious liberty has solid guarantees, and where the government can have only slender and partial sympathies with the Holy See.

FATAL AFFRAY WITH A WILD ELEPHANT, AT MUNIPORE.

Extract from a private letter from Sylhet.

"On the 6th June my scouts brought me information of a herd of wild elephants in a defile in the mountains. I accordingly set off next day to try my luck, taking with me four elephants to beat, in addition to my own howdah elephant. On the 8th I arrived at the ground, which I found to be a narrow valley of a quarter of a mile in width, and from three to four in length. No trees except on the side of the hills; but the roads were very thick and heavy. While my tents were being pitched, a villager came to say that he had just seen one of the herd, a large and savage male close by, and invited me to ascend one of the hills and satisfy myself of the truth of the statement. I did so, and took a good view of the gentleman who was standing in a place where the roads had been turned, about 200 yards from me. Early the following morning, word was brought that the animal was in the same place where I had seen him the previous evening. Every thing being ready, I started to cut him off from the forest at the end of the valley. Having effected this, I moved down in his direction. The moment he caught sight of us, on he came like lightning, without even a squeak or trumpet. At some 30 yards distance he stopped, when I gave him a couple of barrels which sent him away through the cover round the left of my line. After a tedious chase of full two miles through heavy roads, I found him again. Again he charged, but was stopped and turned by a three ounce ball which I heard strike against his head. For the best part of an hour he kept moving on and charging alternately; but each time the three ounce cooled his courage, and he was apparently getting very sick. At last he brought up in a piece of water, when I peppered him with a double barrel, which instead of frightening, seemed to put double courage into him, for on getting the shot, he made a demonstration in my direction, looking terribly bent on mischief; but the 3 ounce gun sent him to the right about. After some further chasing, I again came up with him, and at twenty paces put the large ball well into his head. On receiving this shot he staggered from side to side, and with difficulty prevented himself from falling. He managed, however, some how or other, to get along into some high reeds, and whilst following the track, as the reeds were too high for me to see him, I suddenly heard a trumpet and rush through the reeds in my rear. Thinking this was the same, I chased away till five o'clock, never getting more than one long shot, when the villager, who had been trying to make me hear in vain owing to the high wind, came down into the jungle to tell me that I was on the wrong scent, for that the wounded elephant, immediately on my looking after the fresh one, had walked slowly away down the valley towards the tents. Late as it was, after him I went, but could find no sign of him till near dark, when I came upon his track, and followed till I came within a hundred yards of my tent. I was just turning off towards home, having put a large male to

clear the road, as the jungle was very thick, and far above my howdah, and the other beaters were behind, following the path we were clearing, when I heard a trumpet, accompanied by a crash, in the cover directly in my front. What with the height of the jungle and the dusk, I could not make the animal out very plainly, but at last managed to get a view of his trunk in the air, and the upper part of his head at about 20 paces distant, and fired both barrels, and before I could take up another gun, he thundered straight down on my elephant. My driver, (most fortunately as it turned out for me), got frightened, and turned my elephant off the path just in time to save me, as he rushed by so close that the man in the seat behind could easily have touched his head with a ramrod. Not three yards behind me was a female beater belonging to a friend: against her the brute came with tremendous force. I heard the upset, but could see nothing, as my driver either would not, or could not stop my elephant. In another second I heard the wild brute tearing and trumpeting away in another direction, and I then concluded that, having found the female in his path he had accidentally run against her and upset her, and then bolted off without doing any further mischief. At all events, attempting to follow him in the dark would have been madness, so I made for the tents, now close by. Presently, one by one from different parts, three of the beaters came in. One of them, a large male, had been chased and had tumbled down, driver and all over head into the river. The wild animal stopped short at the top of the bank, trumpeting and tearing up the grass: had he followed them into the river, not a soul of them would have escaped. After this they heard him dart off into cover again; when according to their own account, they ventured in once more to see what had become of me, but not seeing or hearing anything of me, they made for home, but not before observing the female beater making off in the same direction, without any man on her. The second party who came in, brought in one of my servants, who had been on the female: his escape had been most miraculous. The wild elephant in charging, struck the female in the neck sideways, knocking her over, and burying his tusk in the ground, at the same time making a grab at the servant's head which he had hold of, but most fortunately the turban came off in his trunk, and he, diving into the cover, got safe away. As to the driver's fate, or of anything save his own scrambling escape through the grass, he could of course, say nothing. My anxiety for the female and her driver, neither of which had come in, made me pass a miserable night."

Soon after daybreak, I had the howdah put on for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of the missing, but whilst it was getting ready, my hopes of their safety were converted into fears and presages of the worst, by seeing immense numbers of crows and vultures hovering over and descending into the grass, the scene of the last night's conflict. Off I set with a heavy heart, and entered the cover. In the middle of a clear space, about 20 yards square, lay the poor female, stone dead, her carcass bored through and through in ten or twelve places by the wild elephant's tusks, and one of her legs broken. A few paces from her were the saddle and ropes torn into a thousand pieces, and scattered about. Close to them was the upper part of the skull of the driver, and a short distance further on was his headless trunk. All the drivers who were with me were so much appalled, they durst not even dismount to carry away the remains of their comrade, and all entreated me most anxiously, not to think of going after the wild brute again, for having once found out his own strength and power of doing mischief, he would most assuredly attack and upset everything that ventured near him. Under these circumstances, taking the people against their will to what they considered as certain death, would not only have been foolish, but cruel in the extreme, for though I knew they might have gone well enough so long as no elephant was in sight, yet at the very first trumpet or indication of a charge, I should most certainly have been deserted by the field, and run away with my own elephant. Moreover, to tell the honest truth, I was too much sickened by what I saw before me, to be very anxious to pursue the venture further, and risk more loss of life; I therefore returned to the village and set the people to burn the grass; and when this was done, and all alarm of the wild elephant being in the neighbourhood had subsided, the drivers went and brought the remains of the unfortunate man, and buried them. Of the head not a particle was left, nor was there a single piece of bone in any part of the body, even of the size of a sixpence. All was reduced to a perfect pulp, and resembled a mass of cotton more than a human frame. From the appearance of the bodies, and the way in which the jungle had been trampled down, and covered with small pools of blood in every direction, I fancy the brute must have remained at the place for some hours, going from one body to the other, venting his rage on both alternately. As for the elephant she had been turned over and over, and must have been bored through and through repeatedly after she was dead. The following day I returned home regularly sickened of elephant hunting from elephant's backs. To show the battering they will take, this one had no less than fourteen ounce balls, and twelve three and a half ounce, all well lodged in his head at different distances, from 18 to 20 paces. Had it not been for the fresh elephant starting so unopportunately, I think it possible I might have succeeded in flooring the first, for at the time I lost him and went after the others the repeated battering with the big gun had fairly taken the courage out of him, and I should have followed on pounding at him until he dropped; whereas, four or five hours I was after the other, gave him ample time to recover his courage, and the pain of his wounds served to make him perfectly mad. He was a fine animal, standing I should say, full ten feet. He was, however, not so large and fine an animal, as the one I killed in November. Since writing the above I have had a *skrimmage* with a very pretty and vicious tigress, in a patch of grass not a hundred yards from my own house. On going into the cover she charged, and before I could say "Jack Robinson," was seated on one of the beater's heads, along side of the driver from which position I dislodged her, dropping her dead with one shot. Had I not been fortunate enough to do so, she would certainly have killed the driver."

POLISH REVOLUTION OF 1830.

[This communication is from the pen of G. Tochman, Esq., now Counselor at law, in the Courts of New-York and in the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Tochman is a native of Poland and he is a nephew of the celebrated Polish General in Chief, Skrzynecki, who caused the Autocrat's throne to totter to its very foundation. Mr. Tochman entered the Polish revolutionary army as a volunteer, and in a few months was promoted to the rank of Major, and obtained the Gold Cross of Honor, "Virtuti Militari." On his arrival in France, as an exile, in 1832, he was elected Vice President of the Polish Council at Avignon. He came to this country in 1837—and made himself known amongst us as Professor in the Louisville College, in Ky.; then as a public lecturer, in behalf of the wrongs and woes of his country—and by a triumphant controversy with a contributor for the columns of the National

Intelligencer—who, for several years, abused Poland and the Poles, and pleaded the cause of Russia and its policy. Major Tochman has become now an American citizen, and is residing, and practising law, in the city of New-York, whose Bar we are happy to see adorned by the distinguished talents and admirable personal qualities of so welcome an exile.—[Ed. D. R.]

"Tell the northern madman Poland must be free;
A Cœur de Lion to his inmost soul
Is each true Pole—and all the world shall see
That every freeman is at heart a Pole."

The time is not arrived when the above motto shall be understood,—but as every day's events bring it nearer to us, I have concluded to bring forth some facts relating to the late Polish revolution, in which I was personally engaged. I will merely state the facts, of which I was an eye-witness, or in which I took some part, and let the reader form his opinion out of them, and see into the vista of futurity which they may, perchance, open to him.

Poland, at the time of the revolution of 1830, was—and, at this time, is—parcelled into five distinct portions. One portion of her territory, numbering about 11 millions of inhabitants, or more, is incorporated with the empire of Russia. Another portion, numbering 4,451,175 of inhabitants, is incorporated with the empire of Austria. The third portion, with a population of 3,082,205, makes a part of Prussia. The fourth part, numbering 140,000 inhabitants, constitutes the independent Republic of Cracow;—but under the "paternal" tutelage of the emperors of Russia and Austria, and the king of Prussia. The fifth part, numbering over 4 millions of inhabitants, constitutes the Kingdom of Poland. This kingdom has a separate existence, and is united with the empire of Russia only politically. The emperors of Russia are its kings, and do not rule it in their character of emperors, but in that of the kings of Poland. The seat of government of this kingdom is in its capital city at Warsaw,—and here the revolution of 1830 commenced. Some writers state that when this revolution commenced, the Russian army did not exceed two or three hundred thousand men.—the fact is, however, that it did exceed six hundred thousand men before the French revolution of July; and immediately after that revolution, it was increased to eight hundred thousand men,—of which there were more than 180,000 in the Polish provinces, incorporated with the empire of Russia, and about 18,000 in the Kingdom of Poland, viz:—Some 10 or 12 thousand were in the city of Warsaw, and in the fortress Modlin, situated about 15 English miles from the city of Warsaw; and about 6,000 Cossacks were on the frontiers of the kingdom. The Polish army, at the same time, numbered 32 thousand,—of which three thousand seven hundred, were in the city of Warsaw, and the residue, 27 thousand some hundred, spread in various parts of the kingdom. The Russians who garrisoned Warsaw, were lodged in the barracks, situated in the extremities of the city, and communicating one with another by a Macadamized road, which runs around it. Of the two barracks situated in the centre of the city, one was occupied by 1200 of our soldiers, and the other by the Russian guards. The remainder of our soldiers who garrisoned the city, were divided into very small detachments, and lodged in the same barracks with the Russians. It appeared from this location of the Russian army, that the city was besieged. Besides, the Russians had on all the squares, principal places, and streets, military posts, which maintained strong patrols day and night. These patrols met every hour at the appointed stations, and communicated their observations to their respective commanders of the aforesaid military posts—who, in their turn, were watched by the superior officers roving on horseback from one post to the other—and reporting their observations every hour to the central military post, which was located in the centre of the city. The general commander of this last post, three, four, and sometimes five and six times a day, personally reported to the Grand Duke Constantine (the brother of the Emperor) all the news which was thus gathered by him. There was also, an organized body of secret spies spread throughout the kingdom, (and in all the parts of the Russian empire.) A list of two thousand, at Warsaw only, was found in the office of the Grand Duke Constantine. These spies mingling with the unsuspecting inhabitants, in the common course of business, reported their observations, and often their own imagined suspicions, of plots or conspiracies, to the police inspectors, whose number was 52 in the city of Warsaw, and seven or eight in the suburb of Praga. The inspectors again reported all the gathered news to the police commissioners. And these last were obliged to see, twice a day, the chief of the police office to report to him, personally, their daily intelligence, and to receive from him the daily orders of the Grand Duke Constantine. The chief of the police was a privy counsellor of the Grand Duke, and communicated with him three times a day, and more, when the occasion required. Besides this, there were spies watching the spies, and these *overspies* communicated, personally, with the Grand Duke Constantine himself, and only at certain appointed periods in the dead of night. So closely were the Poles watched when the fire of the revolution, which burst out on the 29th of November, 1830, was smouldering in their hearts. And, yet, when the 29th of November came, no sooner was the appointed hour of half past six in the evening sounded from the towers of the city, than some companies of our troops, numbering about 500 men, took their position under the arsenal, which was very near the Russian barracks, situated in the centre of the city; and about a thousand men took possession of the roads which as aforesaid communicated between the barracks occupied by the Russians; a few hundred men at the same time secured the national bank and the treasury. This being done, a number of officers of the army, some citizens and students of the University, hurried on horseback and on foot through the street, calling, "to arms!—to arms!—the arsenal is ours." At this same time, Lieutenant Wysocki, a professor in the military school of the Polish cadets, which school was situated in a romantic thicket at the distance of about four English miles from the arsenal, addressed the cadets in the following terms: "Poles, the hour of vengeance has come, this night we must conquer or die!—follow me, and may your breasts prove a Thermopylae against the enemies of freedom." The number of cadets did not exceed 163. Three of their youthful heroes and sixteen students of the university, who were waiting in the thicket, went instantly to the palace of the Grand Duke Constantine, in order to arrest his Imperial Highness, which palace is situated at the distance of an English mile from their military school. And 160 cadets attacked, at this same time, two Russian barracks, situated in the opposite direction, at the distance of half a mile from their school. There were near two thousand Russian cavalry in the above named barracks. But so unexpected and so brisk was the attack of our cadets, that the Russians were completely routed and dispersed in less than five minutes. Some of our companies had to unite with the cadets, at the signal to be given by firing a house on the hill. But the attempt of firing that house having failed, Lieutenant Wysocki, who commanded the cadets, immediately moved with them towards

the city. On his way, he met a detachment of more than 600 Russian cavalry, ready to dispute his passage, which happened just in front of a noble and imposing equestrian marble statue of John Sobieski, whose horse is trampling on the bodies of conquered Turks. Our young heroes look at him. They discover his horse appearing to charge, at their head, upon the Russians. They obey the command of his hand pointing at the Russians. They throw themselves forward, bayonet in hand, and in one minute the Russians are routed. Just when this took place, the three cadets and sixteen students, who, as we have seen, went to arrest His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Constantine, returned and joined their fellow cadets, commanded by Lieutenant Wysocki, and reported that the Grand Duke Constantine had escaped through a secret retreat. Scarcely had this little band of cadets passed the narrow passage which, a moment before, seemed to be their grave, than they were charged by another body of about eight hundred Russians, whom they received with so deadly a discharge of muskets, and then with bayonets, that the Russians lost more than one-third of their number, and beat a retreat in great haste and confusion. After these first exploits, the little band of cadets reached the city, shouting, "Poland for ever! Freedom for ever!" They were greeted with the utmost enthusiasm by the people, who, amidst repeated shoutings of "Poland for ever! Freedom for ever!" from all quarters of the city, rallied to strengthen their little band. So rapid was the succession of these events, that, at 8 o'clock, just when the Russians organized their forces, and began to attack the Poles who defended the arsenal, the said band of the cadets arrived in time to take part in this engagement too. Here, again, the Russians were defeated, with a very heavy loss. To show what terror their success spread amongst the Russians, I will relate an anecdote:—When the Russians were retreating from the arsenal, at some distance from it, they met a few of our soldiers with a very small body of people, almost without arms; and when this little band of our soldiers and people were preparing to retreat before the ten times superior enemy, the Russians sent to them a flag of truce, with a request for a free passage. This, of course, was granted to the Russians; and they passed in front of this little band of the Poles, saluting them according to the military rules of honor, to which the Poles shouted, "Poland for ever! Liberty for ever!" At this same time, several other battles were fought in other quarters of the city, and every where the Russians were beaten. At 10 o'clock in the evening the whole city was in our possession, except the place of Mars, which the Russians occupied during the night, but evacuated peaceably by day-light. It is impossible to give a description of the ecstatic joy which, after these deeds, filled our city. Thousands of victims, who, for their political opinions and love of liberty, were to have been executed or sent to Siberia that very night or the next day, joined the procession of our triumphant people. Here the father saluted his son or daughter. There the child embraced his loving mother. In another place, the husband re-joined his faithful wife whom he had not seen for years. There, again, friend met friend with Polish frankness and sincerity. No spy was feared; no Russian foot trod our streets. Nature appeared to behold with deep reverence our heroes. The night was beautiful. The majestic moon gave us day-light, as if to make us see the spring-flowers of our recovered freedom; and its silvery beams, reflecting upon the thousand beauties of our city, almost made us believe that we were amongst the angels. The stillness of that charming night was disturbed no more by the agonizing groans of the victims of liberty. Patriotic songs and the triumphant discharge of cannon, which filled the air, carrying fear to the camp of the Moscovites, were the pulsations of a new life; and at day-light, on all the streets, squares and public places, the Polish white-crested eagle, in its majesty, saluted the people who, last night, rescued him from the claw of the black two-headed eagle of the Moscovites. The following day found 40 000 armed citizens in the streets of the city of Warsaw, and Prince A. Czartoryski at the head of the new government.* The command of the army was entrusted to General Chlopicki, who distinguished himself in the wars of Napoleon. The Grand Duke Constantine, with his army, encamped near the village of Mokotow, about four English miles from Warsaw. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of stating here, also, that this revolution created a general enthusiasm. There was no distinction of age or rank.—The difference of wealth seemed to be annihilated. Poland! Liberty! Freedom! were the focus and rule of the event. The sumptuous and pompous fêtes, by which the despotism of the Czar endeavoured to corrupt our virtues and patriotism, gave place to celebrations of the deeds of our illustrious fathers—and to the funeral veneration of the shades of murdered victims of liberty. And no sooner had the echo of liberty, and cry to arms, resounded in the interior of the country, than every hour we saluted new detachments of our soldiers, and new bodies of our peasants armed with scythes, who were escorted by numerous groups of our charming and joyful country girls, with sickles and laurels in their hands. Whatever the mercenary and ignorant writers have said on the character of this revolution, it was so popular, and so closely united the whole nation into one pillar, that the Grand Duke Constantine thought it advisable for him to recommend himself, and his army, to the magnanimity of the Polish nation, and asked permission to evacuate the kingdom, which was granted to him, and he commenced his retreat on the 3d of December. One or two illustrations in the following facts, may, perhaps, throw some additional light on the character of this remarkable movement. When the Grand Duke and his army were retreating to Russia, they met a division of our lancers, who were marching to Warsaw; these lancers being informed that the Grand Duke and his army were permitted to go to Russia, halted, in order to pass through the usual military saluting. The Grand Duke approached them with his suite, shook hands with a number of officers, and even soldiers, and reminding them that he was the lawful chief of the Polish army, endeavoured to induce them to go with him to Russia, offering to them money, and promising the favors of the Emperor. The lancers, with manifest indignation, replied: "Your Highness, we do not want your money, and we thank you for the favors of your monarch. As for the command to which you refer, there is none more sacred to us, than the call of our country, and we do not want any other reward than the privilege of fighting in defence of her cause." After this answer, the whole division wheeled, and continued its march, sing-

* Prince Adas Czartoryski was born in June of 1770. He is a descendant, in collateral line of the Jagiellous family, which reigned in Poland from the time of the union of Lithuania with Poland. (1385.) until 1571, when the throne became elective. His personal patriotism, talents, and services, rendered to the country, gained him the confidence, which placed him at the head of the revolutionary government. He is now in Paris, France, as an exile, where one of the most interesting circumstances of our recent visit to that capital, was the pleasure of forming his acquaintance, as in Brussels we had enjoyed that of his gallant compatriot, and noble soldier of freedom, General Skrzynecki.—[Ed. D. R.]

ing, "Poland is not lost, while we live." The revolution of 1830 found a great many Poles in the service of the Russian army. Many characteristic events happened when these Poles were leaving the Russians—I will relate, at least, one anecdote. Colonel Turno was aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantine for 14 years, and was his great favorite, and protégé. The Grand Duke expected, of course, that the said Col. Turno would follow him to Russia. But what was his surprise, when, on the frontiers of the kingdom, Col. Turno rode up to him to take leave—and said, "Your Highness, I have done all that the honor and duty of your aide-de-camp enjoined upon me. I have accompanied you to the frontiers of the kingdom—here my duty ends with regard to you. As a Pole, I have to answer, now, the summons of my country."

The purpose, character, and limits, of this article, do not permit me to enter into a minute description of the operations of the new government, and its changes in the first few weeks. I will state only, that during all its changes, Prince Adas Czartoryski remained at its head as President. That on the 7th of December, Gen. Chlopicki was proclaimed Dictator, by the people of Warsaw, and then approved as such by the Diet. That instead of taking measures to place the whole country in a defensive state, the Dictator entered into negotiation with Nicholas, against the wishes and will of the nation; and that this strange conduct of the Dictator forced the Diet to deprive him of his trust. Prince Michael Radziwil was appointed General-in-chief of the army. Prince Adas Czartoryski remained the President of the newly reorganized government. In the midst of this series of events, the Diet issued a manifesto, proclaiming to the world the causes and purposes of the revolution; and a few days after, passed the famous act, declaring in a formal manner, that Nicholas, and all his imperial family, are for ever rejected from the Polish throne. The clang of arms resounded anew from one end of ancient Poland to the other. The shouts of liberty were heard from the Carpathian Mountains to Riga, on the Baltic—from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Black Sea, and the banks of the Dnieper. All the provinces incorporated with the empires of Austria and Prussia, were ready to shake off the German yoke. But as the principle of neutrality was then in force in Europe, the inhabitants of those provinces were advised to remain quiet, because their revolution would have involved us in a war with the three powers at once—which our government thought to be advisable to avoid. Still, the governments of Austria and Prussia found themselves in such perplexity, that they were obliged to bring more than half of their respective armies into the Polish provinces, incorporated with their empires. We had, however, immense numbers of volunteers from these provinces, who braved all the difficulties of passing the frontiers, literally covered by the Austrian and Prussian soldiery, and rallied under our standards. As to the provinces incorporated with the empire of Russia,—these all revolted, and sent their representatives to the Diet, at Warsaw. The whole of ancient Poland became now a camp. Our old men imagined their wrinkles to disappear, under the old republican cap, which the cry of liberty drew from the dust of years of slavery. Their antique sabres shone again in their trembling hands—and the universal alacrity which overtook them, as well as the youth, caused their furrowed cheeks to glow with color and mirth. Our ladies, welcoming their lovers, asked scars and glory as tokens of their fidelity. Many of them, assisted by their fathers, husbands, or relatives, were our commanders—even in the field of battle. The Countess Emily Plater was a colonel, which rank she gained for bravery displayed on the field of battle. Miss Kaminska gained the rank of captain. One lady was the first lieutenant, and her husband was the second lieutenant in this same squadron, &c. Our mothers lamented the fate of their children, who were destined to bury their names in inaction. Our peasants, the old companions of Kosciuszko, bending under the weight of their age, disinterred their rusted scythes to commit them to their sons. The remainder of our jewel, and all the deluge of precious things which ages accumulated in the hands of industry, and in the grasp of avarice, as if by the power of magic, were brought to the common reservoir—to our national treasury. The ancient church bells, which had survived the former wars, descended from the tops of towers, to hurl into the enemy's ranks the balls which the iron of our domestic utensils had furnished. All personal and private occupations were suspended. One single aim—the defence of the state—united all hearts. And when the anvils and hammers were forging only arms, the ministers of the Gospel, the ladies, the old men and children of all classes, with pick axes and spades in their hands, amidst rejoicing acclamations, were busy erecting the fortifications; and those whose health did not permit them to work hard, prepared bandages, which the martyrs of liberty might soon need. The rolling of wagons, the neighing of horses, the cry of liberty, songs and adieu, mingled with joy and sobbing—all seemed to testify that the heroes of Homer ceased to be demigods; that the Iliad was no more a fiction; and gave oven that the legions of Achilles should be found in Poland. Nicholas trembled; and covering his fear with bombastic manifestos, he moved not only the whole of European Russia, but also all the Asiatic dominions. From the chain of the Ural mountains and the deserts of Siberia to the icy regions and the Pacific ocean, the earth was covered with crowds of his savage slaves; and in January, 1831, over four hundred thousand of his soldiery, with more than six hundred cannon, were brought into the Polish provinces incorporated with his empire, of which over 300 000, with four hundred and sixty cannon, (in February) entered the kingdom of Poland, where, as we have seen above the revolution was commenced. Marshal Diebitch commanded this army. Some writers, and even some of my own countrymen, considerably lessen this number, and relying upon the so called "official reports," which the obvious policy of the Russian government had put into circulation, do not admit that Russia, at the time of our revolution, could bring such a number of soldiers to the field of battle. They do not admit, too, that more than 200,000 Russians, with 400 cannon, entered the kingdom. The writer of this article is satisfied, however, that his information on this subject is pretty correct, and may be relied upon with more certainty than upon "official reports," put in circulation by the Russian government, whose policy is to conceal from the world the before unheard of superiority of the Polish army over its own. The above sketch of the enthusiasm, which pervaded all classes of the Polish people, might have, perhaps, given place to a belief, that the whole population of Poland was in the camp—ready to meet the Russians. It was, in fact, ready to do so; but the condition of our finances, want of arms and ammunition—and the impediments which the unhappy misconduct of the Dictator, above alluded to, threw into our way, did not permit us to equip, and oppose to the Russian army, when they invaded the kingdom, more than 60,000 troops. Of these, about 15 000 were in fortresses, and composed separate detachments, whose duty was to divert the enemy from concentrating all his forces upon any one point—and to protect the organization of the new regiments. The remainder, 45 000, with 80 cannon, composed our main field-army. This main army, when the Russians were approaching the kingdom, was encamped at a distance of a few miles

from the frontier, in such a manner as to be able to concentrate easily at every point of its oblique line. Our vanguards extended to the very frontiers of the kingdom. But it was decided by our council of war, that the principal battle was to be given under the walls of the city of Warsaw, on the right bank of the Vistula. In execution of this plan, our whole army was retreating for several days; taking, however, advantage of every strong position, it fought many a battle. The most remarkable of these battles, fought in retreat as aforesaid, were; the defence of the passage of the river Liwiec, where a few—about nine hundred Poles, with two cannon, commanded by Major Wysocki, (the same who was lieutenant of the Cadets when the revolution commenced) opposed, during all the day and night, an army of about 20,000 Russians, protected with 20 cannon. It has been said that the Russians lost between two and three thousand men, and they did not cross the river, until Major Wysocki recommended further retreat. This exploit astonished the Russian Generals as much as the death of the 300 Spartans did Xerxes. One of the Russian Generals, having ascertained what number of Poles defended that passage, is said to have exclaimed, "What can we do with 50,000 Polish troops before us—when 800 have the power to stop us whole days?"

A few days after, when our main army was only a few miles from Warsaw, from 40 to 50 thousand Russians attempted to break its line, and to surprise its rear. Gen. Skrzynecki, with 8,000 men, diverted, however, their plan. He gave them two battles, near Makowiec and Dobre, and kept them back until the whole of our main army concentrated, and reached its position. The manoeuvres which Gen. Skrzynecki displayed on this occasion, and the complete defeat of the Russians, gave him the title of the hero of Dobre—and a reputation which soon placed him at the head of the whole army. On the 19th and 20th of February, about 100,000 Russians, with 200 cannon, were disputing the ground against about 30,000 Poles and 72 cannon. The Poles gained the day—and Marshal Diebitsch, who commanded the Russians, had the mortification to learn at this same time, that whilst this battle was fought, the legislature (whose walls were tottering under the discharges of his cannon) passed an act proclaiming, that should Poland be once more overpowered by the Asiatic hordes of the Czar, her national representation shall be there wherever 33 members of the House of Representatives, and 11 senators, shall meet together and deliberate upon her destiny. So great was the loss in these two days, on the part of the Russians, that the conqueror of Balcan (Diebitsch) asked a truce for three days to bury his dead. This, of course, was granted to him. The scene which then succeeded, surpasses all the idea we can form of a people that loves liberty. During the time of truce, our camp was but a sanctuary where this love of liberty was celebrated. All the inhabitants of Warsaw—old men—children—and its beauty, welcomed us in this camp. Songs and cheers, mingled with the sobbing of those who could not find their fathers, their sons, their husbands, their brothers, their lovers, presented a scene which a heart can feel, but no tongue can express. It was an interval of triumph, joy, and sadness, which produced on our soldiers a result like that which a shower produces on the plants dried up by the burning rays of the sun.

No sooner had the time of truce expired, than the call to arms resounded in the whole camp. The attack was commenced by the Russians, and both armies performed miracles of bravery. After two days of fighting succeeded rest. I would have been pleased to have seen my readers amongst our soldiers, and to learn from them this moral power, and their determination, which no danger, no fatigue, could subdue. To the new propositions of submission, and offered amnesty, they answered by the calm silence of disdain, and asked for independence to their country. And after having secured the points of their bayonets, they reposed over the dead bodies of their own brothers, satisfied that they had done their duty in the past few days. Their repose was, truly, a representation of undisturbed virtue, which calmly, and in full resignation, awaits her destiny. The next morning dawn commenced with the new clang of arms—and the exclamations of alacrity, which were lost in the repeated echo of "Poland for ever!—Liberty for ever!" The clang of arms sounded without interruption, and with the rising sun we discovered 200,000 bayonets of the Czar* coming from the large forest, called Milosna, which crowns the plains extending from its borders to Warsaw. It appeared as if this large forest, pulled up by its roots, was moving to overwhelm the small thicket of alders which protected the right wing of our small army that braved the rage of the autocrat. About 400 cannon of the enemy, and ninety nine of ours, thundering continually, covered the horizon with smoke and lightning, made the earth tremble, and carried death amongst the battalions, which, under the canopy of the fire of bomb shells, were slaughtering each other. Our stronghold of the right wing, the small thicket of alders, was taken and retaken nine times in the course of a few hours. The dead bodies, with which it was literally covered, served us often for breast-works. At five o'clock, P. M., General Chlopicki, who commanded our movements, was severely wounded.† Consternation spread through our line. All our battalions, like wrecks, were floating in the midst of smoke, fire, and the enemy's columns, which had, like furious waves during the storm, carried us hither and thither. At this point of time, a charge of 20,000 Russian cavalry swept the way before their foot-phalanx, driving away our scattered columns. In the rear of our camp, the suburb of Praga presented but a mass of fire, extending over three miles in length. Thousands of wagons and carriages, filled with wounded, obstructed the communication with Warsaw, and deprived our artillery of powder. It thundered no more. Already the cry, "Poland is lost!" resounded on the proud wall of that city. Already the hero of Balcan saw himself a conqueror; and when such was our situation, the ladies of Warsaw, its children, and people of all classes, brave the flame of the suburb of Praga; they take on their own shoulders the wounded from the wagons and carriages—carry them to safe places, and pulling down all that obstructed the communication with Warsaw, furnish ammunition to our artillery men, who had taken shelter with their cannon in the flames of Praga. A furious discharge of shells, bombs, and grape, puts in disorder the Moscovites, who are already within the limits of the suburb. Their sudden retreat communicates terror to their other columns. The eagle eye of Gen. Skrzynecki taking advantage of this circumstance, he throws all his forces upon the rear of the wavering enemy. Some squadrons of our lancers obey his order; and throwing themselves into the midst of the broken squadrons of the enemy, retard their re-organization, whilst an unexpected discharge of rockets drives back their new squadrons, running to secure the former.

* Some writers say that there were no more than 160,000, and others deny even that number—but the writer of this article does not exaggerate in stating that there were 200,000.

† Prince Radziwil was the actual General-in-Chief of the army; but, at his own request, and under his name and control, Gen. Chlopicki actually commanded the movements of this battle. He had three horses killed under him before he was wounded.

And this brings our scattered columns and squadrons to a new life, and their muskets, bayonets, lances, and scythes, achieve the victory. Diebitsch, who, a moment before, considered himself a conqueror, sees now but a flying skeleton of the imposing array of his Czar. The Russian reporters say that they lost only 5,000 men on that day. For the sake of humanity, I would wish it were true; but more than 25,000 were missing from their ranks.

Our loss was considerable, too—especially in wounded—and so wearied were the whole army, that we could not venture to pursue the Russians in their retreat. And in the night our whole army crossed the Vistula, to take rest and recruit in the city of Warsaw and its environs, on the left bank of the Vistula. Thus ended the famous battle of Grochow, (fought on the 25th of February, 1831,) which astonished the whole civilised world, and gave a new life to our revolution. Next day General Skrzynecki was chosen General-in-chief of our army—which now took the offensive position. [General Skrzynecki commenced his military career in the Polish legions. In 1812 he was Major in the whole campaign of Napoleon against Russia. Our revolution found him Colonel of the 8th regiment of light infantry. At the battle of Makowiec and Dobre he was General of Division.] Our first movement was not, however, recommenced till the 30th of April, when General Skrzynecki, with some 20,000 of our troops, falling, with morning's dawn, like a thunder-bolt on a Russian army 60,000 strong, which was encamped on the field of Warwer, routed it completely in less than two hours, making 16,000 prisoners, and taking a number of cannon and various military stores. Whilst the main army performed these wonders of bravery, the separate detachments, under the command of Generals Chrzanowski, Dwernicki, Rozycy, Dembinski, and the volunteers in the provinces incorporated with the empire of Russia, especially in Lithuania, distinguished themselves in a degree that they have no reason to envy the glory to their fellow soldiers who fought under the walls of Warsaw. But as the sketch of their exploits would extend this article far beyond its intended and due limits, I will merely state, that the successes of our arms, gave us, as trophies, 50,000 prisoners, about a hundred cannon, a number of standards, several thousand fire-arms, and a great quantity of various military stores. And they exhausted the forces of Russia so much, that even the privileged corps of the Imperial Guards about 30,000 strong at that time, was brought against us—the undaunted "rebels." This corps was commanded by the younger brother of the emperor, the Grand Duke Michael. It was defeated, (I believe for the first time in the annals of its existence,) under the walls of the town of Tykocin, on the 20th of May—and its Commander-in-chief, the Grand Duke Michael, escaped only "by the skin of his teeth." Soon after the succeeding battle of Ostrolenka, fought on the 26th of May, in which the enemy lost 15,000 men, Marshal Diebitsch and the Grand Duke Constantine died suddenly; the former, perhaps, of chagrin at seeing his fame and glory vanish on the banks of the Vistula; the latter, it is said, died of the cholera—but the Poles who knew "the good heart of the Emperor," not from his smiles, but from his deeds, are of unanimous opinion, that he died of a diplomatic pestilence which came on him, not from Asia, but from the cabinet of St. Petersburg. Whatever, however may have been the cause of the death of these two men, Diebitsch and the Grand Duke Constantine, it is a fact, that the Emperor of Russia learned that his gigantic army was as powerless, as was Goliath when he met David. In about eight months of struggle, his enormous army, which invaded the Polish provinces incorporated with his empire, and the kingdom of Poland, with all its numerous reinforcements which were pouring daily from the interior of European Russia, and its Asiatic dominions, was reduced to about 130,000 men, whilst our army, which numbered only 60,000 men when the revolutionary war commenced, (exclusive of losses,) increased, now, to 80,000—and we numbered from 40,000 to 50,000 in the corps of Gerilas (volunteers.) In this state of things, Czar Nicholas resorted to a diplomatic art—and having found a tool in the person of His Majesty, the Citizen King (Louis Philippe, of France,) he accomplished what his whole army could not. Whatever apology Louis Philippe may offer for his conduct towards Poland during the revolution, he cannot deny, that promising an armed intervention in favour of Poland, he induced Gen. Skrzynecki to relax the offensive operations. It is not my object to say, whether Gen. Skrzynecki's confidence in Louis Philippe's promises is excusable or not. But I cannot abstain from remarking, what is now known beyond any doubt, that Gen. Skrzynecki acted according to the advice of Louis Philippe, fearing lest the chance of war, in his further offensive advances should turn against us—because, had we been defeated in a single battle between the two main armies, he had not, like Napoleon, new ready armies at his command; and although Poland had men enough ready to organize a new army to any amount, she was destitute of money, arms, ammunition, and could not obtain them from abroad. With this remark, I leave my readers to form their own opinion, whether Gen. Skrzynecki's acting according to the advice of Louis Philippe, in order to obtain this armed assistance which he promised him, may be excusable or not. I will simply state, that this diplomatic interference of Louis Philippe saved Russia, and lost to Poland the fruits of her revolution. Since Gen. Skrzynecki remained inactive—a mistrust in him, and other leaders, was created amongst our people and the army. And this, after some reverses of our detached corps in Volynia and Lithuania, and their forced entrance into Austria and Prussia, produced a movement which subverted the government, at the head of which was Prince Czartoryski, and compelled General Skrzynecki to resign his trust, and placed at the head of both the government and the army, Gen. Krukowiecki, who proved to be a Polish Benedict Arnold. In 20 days after that, the tables turned in favour of Russia. Whether Gen. Krukowiecki was bribed by the Czar of Russia, or not, let the facts answer. No sooner had he taken the command of our army, than he sent Gen. Romarino with 21,000 thousand men on the right bank of the Vistula, at two or three days distance from the city of Warsaw, and disarmed several thousand citizens of Warsaw, whom Gen. Skrzynecki ordered to equip and keep themselves ready to co-operate with the army. This was done at the very moment when the whole Russian army was concentrated under the walls of Warsaw, on the left bank of the Vistula where Gen. Skrzynecki permitted them to approach and encamp, with the intention of giving them, there a general battle. Gen. Paszkiewicz, (who commanded the Russians after the death of Marshal Diebitsch,) being apprized that the garrison of Warsaw was thus reduced to 30,000 men only, ordered an attack. A three days battle, in which the Russians lost more than 20,000 men, (some maintain that 29,000,) did not see Gen. Krukowiecki acting as General-in-chief; but he was continually negotiating with the Russian Gen. Paszkiewicz, spreading terror amongst the members of our diet and the authorities of the city, and proposed to them a submission, or, at least, a capitulation of the city. On the third day, towards evening, he sent more than half of the army which defended the city on the left bank of the Vistula. The soldiers passing the bridges were under the impression that it was a manoeuvre, and expected to re-pass the river a few miles below, to take the rear of the enemy by surprise. But to their great as-

tonishment, they and the citizens of Warsaw learned that it was a manoeuvre to compel the authorities to capitulate the city. And this is what the Russians call "we have taken Warsaw by storm," and what caused a French minister to say, in Paris—"peace reigns at Warsaw." After this ignominious treachery, the residue of our army, were, of course, compelled to evacuate their positions and cross on the left bank of the Vistula; and the "victorious" Russians, on the 7th of September, 1831, entered the city. I did not see them in Warsaw, as I was on the left bank of the Vistula, with the army that first passed the bridges, but I was told that all their officers and soldiers entered it with green branches in their helmets, as emblems of this memorable victory! "Sic transit gloria mundi!" Gen. Krukowiecki remained in Warsaw to rejoice with the Russians of the "victory" which he achieved with them and for them and our army, which left Warsaw 27,000 strong, but deprived of all necessities and ammunition, retreated towards the fortress Modlin, situate about 150 English miles from Warsaw. The depressed spirit which this treachery created amongst our soldiers, want of all means, and the desire to spare the lives of our braves for a more auspicious time to recruit, equip and maintain the troops, induced our leaders to suspend farther efforts of the nation and military operations; and after a month's march, namely, on the 5th of October, the whole army which left Warsaw headed by General-in-chief Rybinski, entered Prussia. Shortly after, Gen. Romarino detached as we have seen, from the garrison of Warsaw, entered Austria with a corps of about 20,000. Including the other small corps, guided by the same motives as the main army, more than 60,000, armed and unarmed Poles, entered these two foreign countries, Austria and Prussia, with the intention to go to France, and await there for a suitable opportunity to renew the struggle for the independence of their country—which did also all the members of government, and all the members of both houses of the Diet—with the exception of a few who were overtaken by the Russians, and made prisoners of war. The privates and non-commissioned officers, were, however, forced by the Austrian and Prussian governments, and their respective bayonets, to return to Poland, under pretext of a general amnesty, which the Czar Nicholas "most graciously" offered to them. They were, then, taken to the Russian army, and sent on the Caucasian line—many of them succeeding in reaching Circassia, have become, there, military instructors, and are now teaching the Czar a new lesson, what a people, loving liberty and their native land, have power to do. So the officers of the army only, the members of Government, and members of the Diet, were allowed to go to France. Still, however, more than 9,000 Poles reached France, England, Switzerland, and Belgium—and some five or six thousand, under various characters, remained in various parts of Germany and Hungary; some are in Persia and Turkey, and a few in the United States, all acting for, and on behalf of, liberty and Poland, as apostles of the former, and a living protestation of the injustice done to the latter.

They are, in other words, representatives and emissaries of the twenty-four millions of people actually living on the soil of dismembered Poland—longing for their independence, and ready to prove, once again, "that every thing they have, belongs to their country, and every thing their country has, belongs to free nations." The members of the Diet of these people, in three times the number required by the act vesting in them the power of legislating wherever they shall meet together, are waiting in France, Belgium, and England, for a suitable season of answering the purpose of their great mission. And it is no poetic fiction when I say, that all the sons of Poland are forging again their bolts of just vengeance; and the day is not far distant when the lightning, red with the wrath of accumulated wrongs, shall burst in seven-fold fury over the heads of their oppressors—and traitors. What they can accomplish, let the sample of 1830 answer. There is no other Krukowiecki amongst them; and Louis Philippe's new offers nor promises will not again be listened to.—*Democratic Review*.

LECTURES ON ANCIENT ISRAEL,

And the Israelitish Origin of the Modern Nations of Europe. By J. WILSON. Ward, Paternoster-row.

The author of these lectures has for some time past devoted himself to the investigation of the question—What has become of the ten tribes of Israel? He believes that he has discovered the true answer in determining the Israelitish origin of the nations of western Europe, and particularly of the Anglo-Saxon race. Firmly impressed with the truth of his views, he has neglected no means of investigation open to him, and has for some years past, with the zeal of a pious man who believes that his researches have furnished a key to most important promises and prophecies of scripture, been engaged in propounding his ideas by lectures and discussions, of which the substance is contained in the fourteen chapters of this pamphlet.

At the commencement, Mr. Wilson strongly enforces the distinction which, founded on the language of inspiration, has been made by previous writers between the promises given to Judah, and those given to Israel. To Judah—the race of Jews—was promised the Shiloh, and from them was the sceptre not to depart until He came. To Israel was promised a wide dispersion and abundant power. Ephraim was particularly selected as the one from whom the fulness of nations should come. Observing this distinction throughout, Mr. Wilson traces the history of Israel till it is lost in captivity. He gathers from scripture that they were carried to the land of the north; and he states his grounds for believing that the particular place was the borders of the Caspian Sea. There, then, the ten tribes were lost. What became of them afterwards? Are we to suppose that the prophecies of scripture are of none effect? Can we imagine that Israel was not to have the benefit of that fruitfulness and power, given in the most explicit language of prophecy to her sons? Looking to the earliest history of the northern nations, Mr. Wilson, agreeing in this with Mr. Sharon Turner, thinks it indisputable that the Anglo-Saxons came from the borders of the Caspian. Having thus found that race where he left the Israelites, he proceeds to notice in detail points of resemblance between the two races in physical structure, in mental qualities and ideas, and in peculiarities of customs and manners. His final conclusion is, that the Anglo-Saxons are indubitably descended directly from the lost tribes, and that to the nations sprung from their blood, and particularly to the English people, do those promises apply which gave to the seed of Israel the fulness of land and sea.

We pretend to do no more here than express Mr. Wilson's leading idea. He supports it by a wide range of circumstances, and by a chain of close and vigorous reasoning. His language is sober, even cautious, though at times, when revealing the conclusions for which all the premises had been previously prepared, extremely eloquent. He relies most on the internal view of the question, insisting that the language of Scripture must have a direct and practical application, and that we have no warrant for allegorizing it, or taking it in any other than its obvious sense. The most interesting portions of his lectures,

indeed, are those in which, unrolling as it were the scrolls of prophecy, he gives to its magnificent promises, rendered with the strength and poetry of the original, an interpretation at once novel and sublime,—showing how what must have been dark for so many centuries to Jew and Gentile, ought to be to us as clear as though the finger of Heaven itself traced the fulfilment of its own divine language in lines of light. The name Saxon, Mr. Wilson thinks, may be derived from Isaac, or Isaac's son.

A short extract will afford the reader a general notion of the spirit in which Mr. Wilson treats his subject:—

"We propose taking a view of the Anglo-Saxons chiefly anterior to their embrace of Christianity, at a time when their manners and institutions, political or religious, were uninfluenced by the Bible, as received through that medium. If, at that time, their physical appearance, their mental and moral character, their conduct in the private and public relations of life, their civil institutions, religious opinions, rites and ceremonies, and all else respecting them, be such as might reasonably be expected of Israel;—if there be no incongruity, but every correspondence in the case: surely we may say that the truth has been now arrived at, on this important, and hitherto most perplexing point; and we may then proceed to see what should be its practical influence,—which we believe to be no less important. If a young man had gone astray (and this is the lost son), what else could be done? The father knew the marks of the son, and has ascertained the direction in which he wandered;—all these he has clearly pointed out. Let us now see to whom they apply. The people to whom they all apply, and who are found at the time and in the place predicted, are, we may rest assured, the children of the promise; the nations that were to come of Jacob, the very seed of Abraham according to the flesh, as well as the greater part of those who are also his children by faith.

"We before saw that the scripture leaves captive Israel in the north,—in the cities of the Medes, and in other places in the northern possessions of Assyria. Now it is a remarkable fact, that to this very quarter are the Anglo-Saxons traced by Sharon Turner, in his valuable history of this people. Where Israel was lost, there the Saxons were found. Here are two puzzles which have been long enough before the historians:—Whither went Israel, the most important people as to the promises and purposes of Jehovah? Whence sprung the Saxons, the most distinguished of all the families of mankind in the providence of God; and especially as to the benefits he hath bestowed upon them, and enabled them to bestow upon others? Why should we needlessly create a difficulty, and make the Most High work contradictively, and produce miracles without a cause? Why cut off the people to whom the promises were made, and whom he said he would not utterly destroy, although he would seem to do so? Why cut off this people, and in the same place raise up another people, from an origin altogether unknown,—answering in every respect to the character he had been so long giving to the former race; and having also, to the most minute particulars, the destiny of Israel fulfilled in them? Is this likely? Is it consistent with the wisdom, and truth, and faithfulness of God? It is not.—It has nothing, either in or out of Scripture, to support it; and might at once be rejected."

It is out of our province to discuss Mr. Wilson's theory farther, or to pass any opinion on its truth. That is a labour to be left for more learned investigators. It is dangerous to interpret the language of prophecy rashly, or to depend too strongly on remote analogies of race and habit, or to insist too much on probabilities of origin drawn from probable location. Yet, on the other hand, it would be extremely wrong to neglect the scriptural study and historical research of able and ingenious men, because the conclusions they arrive at are both startling and new. The excellent spirit in which Mr. Wilson has put forth his ideas, and his sincere piety, entitle his views to respectful consideration. They are well worth the notice of the meditative student. It is, perhaps, right that they should be examined in the closet before made too public, though, indeed, our faith in the prophecies of the Bible does not rest on so poor a foundation as that the refutation of a hundred ingenious theories, formed for their support, can shake its steadfastness. A question, like that raised by these lectures, may, whatever result is at last arrived at, be carried on with advantage to the Christian world; for the end of such a controversy must be to increase our knowledge of Scripture, and with that our appreciation of it, and make us better acquainted with the history of antiquity and of succeeding times, which must in some measure be the torch by which we are to read the language of sacred prophecy. If to us it appears obscure, that is only because our range of view is limited—because we can neither pierce far enough into the past, nor can look into the future, nor even justly apprehend the course of the present. The haze is in our ignorance. So, an imperfect vision complains of misty atmosphere and feeble light, and of dark spots floating before it, though the air is pure and the sun unclouded. It is hoped that the discussion will be continued in the temperate and earnest spirit in which Mr. Wilson has opened it.

THE CAMEL.

The country most rich and abundant in camels is the province of Nejed in Arabia, entitled, on that account, *Om el Bel*, or Mother of Camels. It furnishes Syria, Hedjas, and Yemen with camels, which in those countries become worth double the price originally paid for them in Nejed. The Turkmans and Kourds of Anatolia purchase yearly from 8,000 to 10,000 camels in the Syrian deserts, of which the greater number are brought there from Nejed. But it is the camel of Oman, which is celebrated in the songs of Arabia, as the fleetest and most beautiful; and, in fact, the legs of the Oman camels are more slender and straight, their eyes more prominent and sparkling, and their whole appearance denotes them of higher lineage, than the ordinary breeds of this animal. In mountainous countries camels are scarce, certainly: but it is a mistaken impression that camels are not capable of ascending hills; for, provided they are rough, they can ascend the steepest and most rugged paths with as much facility as mules. The feet are large and spreading, and covered at the lower part with a rough flexible skin. It is an erroneous opinion that the camel delights in sandy ground. It is true that he crosses it with less difficulty than any other animal; but wherever the sands are deep, the weight of himself and his load makes his feet sink into the sand at every step, and he groans and often sinks under his burden. Hence the skeletons of camels are found in the greatest numbers where the sands are the deepest. The soil best adapted to their feet, and which they traverse with the most facility, is that of which the desert is usually composed, a dry and hard but fine gravelly plain.

In years of scarcity the camel is always barren. If the birth of a camel, as is often the case, happens on a journey, the Bedouin receives it in his arms, and places it for a few hours on the back of its mother. But at the first halting place the little stranger is put down to receive the parent's caresses, and always after it continues to follow her footsteps unassisted. At the beginning of

the second year, the young camels are weaned; in the fourth year they begin to breed.

Accustomed even from its birth to long and toilsome journeys, little training is necessary, beyond proportioning the weight to its tender age, to inure them to the carrying of burdens; and they voluntarily kneel when about to be loaded for a journey,—a position which their great height renders necessary. Kneeling is their natural state of rest; but when heavily laden on flinty or stony ground, it cannot be accomplished without pain.

The distinction between the camel and the dromedary is not that the former has two humps and the latter but one, as very frequently has been stated, and very generally believed. Both have but one hump, and the dromedary is distinguished from the camel only by its higher breed and finer qualities—as the high blood race horse is distinguished from the cart horse.

The first thing about which an Arab is solicitous, on commencing a long journey, is the state of his camel's hump. If this is in good condition, he knows that the animal is in a state to endure much fatigue on a very moderate allowance of food, believing that, according to the Arabic saying, "the camel feeds on its own hump." The fact is, that as soon as the hump subsides, the animal begins to desist from exertion, and gradually yields to fatigue. After the creature has in this manner lost its hump, it requires three or four months of repose and copious nourishment to restore it, which, however, does not take place until long after the other parts of the body have been fully replenished with flesh. It is in these facts, which exhibit the hump as a provision of food (so to speak) for the exigencies of protracted travel across the deserts, that we discover the adaptive use of this curious, and, as might seem to the cursory observer, needless excrescence.

The great length of the camel's neck enables the animal, without stopping, to nip the thorny shrubs which everywhere abound on the desert; and, although the spines on some are sufficiently formidable to pierce a thick shoe, the cartilaginous formation of the mouth enables them to feed without difficulty. The Bedouin, also, when walking, devotes a considerable portion of his time in collecting and feeding his camel with the succulent plants and herbs which cross his path. These, on a journey, with a few handfuls of dates or beans, form its ordinary food; but, while encamped, he is fed on the green stalk of the jowree, and the leaves and tender branches of the tamarisk, heaped on circular mats, and placed before the camel, who kneels while he is partaking of them. In Southern Arabia they are fed on salt and even fresh fish.

During a journey it is customary to halt about four o'clock, remove the loads, and permit the camels to gaze around; if the Arabs are desirous of preventing them from straying too far, they tie their fore legs together, or bind the fetlock to the upper joint by a cord. The head is never secured, excepting whilst travelling, when the Arabs unite them in single file, by fastening the head of one to the tail of his predecessor. Towards evening they are called in for their evening meal, and placed, in a kneeling posture, round the baggage. They do not browse after dark, and seldom attempt to rise, but continue to chew the cud throughout the greater part of the night. If left to themselves, they usually plant their hind quarters to the wind.

Authorities differ with respect to the camel's capability of enduring thirst. From the data collected by Burckhardt, it appears that the power varies much in the different races of the camel, or rather according to the habits respecting the exercise of this faculty which have been formed or exacted by the heat or cold, the abundance or paucity of water, and the state of vegetation in the country in which they have been brought up. Thus the camels of Anatolia, during a summer journey, require water every second day, while the camels of Arabia can dispense with it until the fourth, or even the fifth. But then again much depends on the season. In spring, when the herbage is green and succulent, it supplies as much moisture as the animal's stomach requires; at that season, therefore, the journey across the great Syrian desert from Damascus to Baghdad (twenty-five days) may be performed without any water being required by or given to the camels; at that time of the year only, therefore, a route destitute of water can be taken. In summer the route by Palmyra is followed, in which wells of water can be found at certain distances. Burckhardt reckons that, all over Arabia, four entire days constitutes the utmost extent to which the camel is capable of enduring thirst in summer. In case of absolute necessity, an Arabian camel may go five days without drinking; but the traveller must never reckon on such an extraordinary circumstance.

Notwithstanding its patience and other admirable qualities, the camel is gifted with but little sagacity; nor does it appear to be capable of forming any strong attachment to its master, although it frequently does so to one of its own kind, with which it has long been accustomed to travel. In protracted desert journeys, the camel appears fully sensible that his safety consists in keeping close to the caravan; for, if detained behind, he never ceases making strenuous efforts to regain it.

Camels are among the most quarrelsome beasts in existence. After the hardest day's journey, no sooner is the baggage removed than the attention of the driver is required to keep them from fighting, as they are prone to give the most ferocious bites, and to lacerate each other's ears.

There have been various estimates of the speed of the camel. A sufficient number of authorities are agreed in estimating its ordinary pace at two and a half miles an hour. Calculations made in Syria, Egypt, Arabia, and Turkistan agree in this. This is to be understood as the ordinary pace in long caravan journeys, when the animal only *walks*. The saddle dromedary is capable of other things, although it may be noted that the long journeys which it can perform in a comparatively short time are in general effected less by positive speed than by its very extraordinary powers of sustained exertion, day after day, through a time and space which would ruin any other quadruped. For short distances, the swiftness of a camel makes no approach to that of even a common horse. A forced exertion in galloping the animal cannot sustain above half an hour, and it never produces a degree of speed equal to that of the common horse.

The camel is laden as it kneels; and, although the load is often laid on recent wounds and sores, no degree of pain or want ever induces the generous animal to refuse the load or attempt to cast it off. But it cannot be forced to rise, if from hunger or excessive fatigue its strength has failed: it will not even do this, even without the load. Under such circumstances, camels are abandoned to their fate. The traveller continually sees remains of this faithful servant of man, exhibiting sometimes the perfect skeleton, covered with a shrunk, shrivelled hide, sometimes the bones only, altogether deprived of flesh and bleached to dazzling whiteness by the scorching rays of a desert sun.

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

I am assured, that, when a sheep has two lambs at a time, she will not permit one to suck her unless the other is present. But for this instinctive arrangement, one of her offspring would have undue proportion of nourishment

and the other would either starve or degenerate. It is well known that a pigeon usually lays but two eggs. If, however, a third is laid, which is sometimes the case, it has never, I believe, been known to come to maturity. If three young pigeons were to be fed, none of them would probably be vigorous, and the race would degenerate. This is another instance of the interest which nature takes in the well-being of her creatures. The cow affords a similar instance: if she has twins, one of them a male and the other a female, the latter is always barren. If a doe produces a white fawn, with red eyes, its under jaw is always defective, and it dies of starvation; a wise provision of nature, in preventing what would probably be feeble from arriving at maturity. When we consider, also, the way in which the Creator has provided for the clothing of animals, according to the climates of the places in which they are found we shall have no less cause to admire his goodness. In hot countries many animals have but little hair on their bodies, and some are almost entirely without it, such as elephants, monkeys, &c. In very cold countries, the fur as well as the hair of animals is very thick, and even the feet of some birds are covered with feathers, not only to protect them, but to enable them more readily to run upon the snow. Animals, also, which have been brought from one country, and domesticated in a different and opposite climate, are not neglected by nature, but are provided with such a change of covering as is best suited to it. How different is the covering of a Shetland pony to that of an Arabian or Persian horse! one has to endure the extremes of cold, and the other of heat, and we see how kindly nature has provided for both.

Ducks, which lay early in the year, strip more of their feathers off, and make their nest much warmer than those which lay later in the season. This instinctive property is very curious, and shows the foresight which has been implanted in animals. It is well known that in hot countries, where the blood of horses is heated by the climate, they are in the constant habit of bleeding each other, and sometimes of bleeding themselves. This is done by biting the neck or the shoulder. These, and a great variety of interesting facts in the economy of nature, prove that animals are in possession of faculties beyond mere instinct, and which they use to their own advantage under peculiar circumstances. Thus, a friend of mine saw a fine greyhound, which had been incessantly teased by a small spaniel, take it up in his mouth, and drop it over the parapet of a terrace into a river which flowed below it. The noble animal was unwilling to hurt his tormentor, and, therefore, took this opportunity of freeing itself from its annoyance. The dog, in this instance, did what instinct alone would not have taught him to do, and afforded another proof of the truth of the remark I have made above. I will give another instance of this:—A horse and a cat were great friends, and the latter generally slept in the manger. When the horse was going to have his oats, he always took up the cat gently by the skin of the neck, and dropped her into the next stall, that she might not be in the way when he was feeding. At other times he seemed pleased to have her near him.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

THROWING THE LASSO IN SOUTH AMERICA.

JAGUAR HUNTING.

The following details of the mode of catching the "most beautiful and cruel beasts of prey," the Tiger Leopard or Jaguar of South America, is from the pen of a gallant officer, long resident at Montevideo and the adjacent districts:—

"You ask me to give you some account of our sports in this distant part of the world, knowing my ardent attachment for European field sports whilst a neighbor of yours. Our species of game here is not very numerous, but rather formidable, as you will admit after perusing these lines. When I say the game is not very numerous here, I confine myself to what is considered such by the inhabitants. A good sportsman, you know, will make all game that comes to his net, or rather his gun, where personal courage is required, or risk incurred. I shall confine my remarks in the present instance to our most potent enemy, and who becomes an important object of the chase, from the danger which ever attends his presence, and the value of his hide when killed. The latter is the principal inducement with the natives for hunting the jaguar, but it is also from a dread of his talons and the 'irresistable armature of his deadly jaws.' The natives have a great dread of the jaguar (*Felis onca* of Linnaeus), being impressed with the belief that it prefers their flesh to that of the white men; they are probably what may be termed by a Highland schoolmaster, 'more accessible,' being less encumbered with clothing. The American tiger is larger, but lower on the legs than the European, and is by far the most formidable animal of the New World. Like all the feline species in a state of nature, they are almost continually in action, both by night and by day. They either walk, creep, or advance rapidly by prodigious bounds, but they seldom run, owing, it is to be believed, to the extreme flexibility of their limbs and vertebral column, which do not preserve the rigidity suitable to that species of progression. Their bright commanding eyes seem to glow with unearthly lustre upon the least excitement.

"Having described thus far our 'game,' let me say something of the sportsman, and he generally consists of the *guacho*, as he is termed in Buenos Ayres, or *guasso*, as he is called in Chili. The *guacho* is a veritable centaur; he passes the greater part of his lifetime on horseback, and horse-flesh forms the greater portion of his food. His horsemanship and power of throwing the lasso are truly astonishing. His facility, however, is the result of constant practice from their earliest years, the boys amusing themselves with the lasso as soon as they begin to run about. Cats and dogs are the first game of these infant Nimrods, which in due season is followed by a diligent exercise of their skill amongst the domestic poultry. The lasso, I believe, is of Oriental origin, and dates from a remote period. It was used in the army of Xerxes, by a certain shepherd tribe belonging to the immense Persian Empire. The word lasso is derived from the Spanish *lazo*, signifying a noose or slip knot. The howling of the jaguar is a joyful sound to the *guacho*; he mounts his horse, and is beyond the horizon in no time. He wears generally, I may say universally, a felt hat with an enormous broad brim, tied under his chin by a ribbon. A hole is made in the middle of a large piece of cloth, cut circular, through which he pokes his head; it is under this mantle, called a *poncho* in the country, that he shelters his shoulders. The skin, turned inside out, of a horse's hocks, serves him for boots, and covers his feet all but a triangular hole for the admission of a spur. His smalls are of leather, and he carries in his right hand a long coil of strong cord, the two ends of which are strongly fastened to the girth of his companion in danger. With this equipment the *guacho* penetrates the deepest solitudes; he braves the Pamperos, the formidable plains of South America, and returns to Monte Video, with his nobly acquired booty. "Jep, of whom I am about to speak, was a little man, all nerve, all muscle, five feet at the most in height. The continual habit of riding had bent his legs, as that of continually smoking the *cigarette* had blackened his fin.

gers and teeth; he was always smoking, everlastingly so, and never went to sleep without a quid of tobacco in his mouth. In all his life Jep never drank a glass of wine or a drop of rum. Water, ale, onions, bread, and occasionally a piece of beef, or broiled horse-flesh was all his food.

"How many jaguars have you killed?" I inquired of him on day when I met him in a coffee-house at Monte Video.

"I never kept an account," he replied, "but I have taken twenty-five with the lasso."

"But they tell me, however, that you and your son have nearly depopulated the country."

"They belie me," said Jep, dashing his glass in his fury against the wall.

To account for Jep's passion it will be presently shown that among the gauchos it is thought *infra dig.* to be obliged to kill the beast without previously having caught him with the lasso, all the honor and skill being considered to lie in this operation.

"My stiletto has killed a great number of them it is true," continued Jep, "but my son will take revenge for his father's defects, and up to the present moment he has never missed a single jaguar with his lasso. He is my pupil—my faults no longer exist. But," added he, "if you will accompany me, I leave to-morrow for the Pampas, and promise you that you shall be present at a game which you will not forget as long as you live."

"I accepted readily so pleasing an invitation. We took our departure, and it was not many hours ere we were in the presence of a formidable foe.

"The gauchito's horse, with an apparent wonderful sagacity, seemed to be well aware that if he turned on either side he had no defender left; he, therefore, faced the enemy, headed him, as a sailor would say, to prevent his getting on his (the horse's) broadside. His master spoke to him encouragingly in monosyllables, but which the intelligent creature seemed perfectly to understand. His legs appeared to tremble, he foamed from his extended nostrils, and snorted aloud; his ears, like his mane, stood erect, and his eyes appeared rivetted on those of the tiger, watching his prey. This was the moment, the most anxious moment of all my life. The gauchito uttered a few sentences to himself, of which I could catch, 'Here is my enemy, who would dispute these immense plains with me, let me not be beaten, or my comrades will treat me with contempt. Be quick Jep, and you shall carry his fine hide to Monte Video, or Buenos Ayres, and be able to sell it for five or six plasters; let it be known that I take him at the first throw of the lasso. Now's the time.'

About 25 feet at the most separated the two combatants; they approached each other still nearer; Jep no longer talked, but twirling the redoubtable lasso, pricked the flanks of his horse with his immense trident spurs, the jaguar crouched to make to the spring at Jep's breast, the lasso more rapid is let fly, in an instant the tiger is encircled as if by a boa, and Jep drags the ferocious beast captive.

To give you a thorough idea of this skilful and extraordinary manoeuvre, I must add a few words on the mode of using the lasso. It consists of a rope made of twisted strips of untanned hide, varying in length from 15 to 20 yards, and is about as thick as the little finger. I have already noticed that it has a noose, or slip knot at one end, the other extremity being fastened by an eye or button to a ring in a strong hide belt, or surcingle, bound tightly round the horse; the coil is grasped by the horseman's left hand, while the noose, which is held in the right, trails along the ground except when in velocity, during which, by a peculiar turn of the wrist, it is made to assume a circular form, so that when delivered from the hand, the noose preserves itself open until it falls over the object at which it is aimed. To use such an implement when standing quite still would seem to be a matter of sufficient difficulty, yet the gauchito will throw the lasso from horseback, and at full gallop, with immense precision; this facility, however, as before observed, is the result of great practice from almost infancy.

In conclusion, Jep trailed the animal some distance, until from his efforts to escape from his awkward position the beast became somewhat exhausted and dizzy from hopeless exertion; then the rider dismounted, and, taking one of the longer daggers which he invariably carried in his boot-tops, he approached the animal, and at one thrust plunged it into the heart of the tiger leopard. The hide is free from any other puncture, and Jep's reputation is uninjured. If, however, the lasso had been ill directed, the jaguar would have seized on the rider, or fixed himself on the horse's flanks; in that case the gauchito's only resource is to resort to his daggers or stilet-tos, and, without dismounting, he fights the furious animal, until, from repeated wounds, he is obliged to leave his prey. An interval of two minutes is sufficient for re-adjusting the lasso; it is again thrown, and there is few instances indeed in which the gauchito is known to fail capturing his prey a second time. But then, ashamed of his want of skill, he leaves his prey to the myriads of crows which hover over his head, returns to the city without any prize, and tells his friends he has not met a jaguar in his rides. The rides or excursions of the gauchito are often of some months' duration. Finally, after a dtways' hunting with Jep, I begged and prayed of him to return with me to Monte Video. Keen sportsman as you consider me to be, I had seen enough of it. Pheasant and partridge shooting, and occasionally the wild boar, is all very fine; but those who start in the morning in chase of the jaguar or tiger (in America as in Asia), do not always return home, and the sport is often purchased with much regret and many tears.—Adieu.

A HAIR-BREADTH ADVENTURE IN DEMERARA.

One morning—and it was a morning by him never afterwards to be forgotten—the subject of this anecdote left home, and proceeded alone on a shooting excursion. I should scarcely, however, be justified in asserting, that he went forth absolutely alone; for two powerful tiger hounds followed closely at his heel. His favourite blood hound howled long and plaintively for permission to join the party, but his master was inexorable; he was tied up, and left behind. Indeed, even the two dogs he took with him were more as companions, than from any idea he entertained, that their services would be called into requisition. Had he expected danger, it was not on them he would have relied, out on the noble animal whose courage and fidelity he had so often proved, and who was now left at home. The day passed over, without any remarkable encounter, and Mr. A. was on his return home, his game-bag laden with feathered spoil, and a fine buck suspended from a projecting branch of a marked tree, awaiting the morning's sun, till a slave should be sent for it. He had now nearly reached the outskirts of the wood, when he suddenly perceived in the thicket, on one side of the path through which he must pass, two small faint and twinkling lights, like that of a pair of glow worms; his practiced eye instantly informed him, that this appearance proceeded from nothing but the malevolent eyes of a wild beast—whether Cougar, Puma, Jaguar, he hesitated

not to determine; one thing was certain, retreat was fatal, and to advance was apparently equally so. Now, for a bold shot, a steady hand, and a cool sight, and you may yet be saved! Take care, sir; take care! The sportsman's first action is to throw the barrel of his piece, unfortunately only a smooth-bore, across his left arm, the thumb of his right hand cautiously and noiselessly cocks the gun, and the fourth finger of the same hand feels the trigger. Mr. A. steadily advanced; he was not suffered to remain long in suspense; he had proceeded but three paces, when, with a terrific cry, the Cougar (for such it was) sprung from its lair, and dashed upon him; he fired, but apparently without effect; where were now his hounds? They had fled at the first glimpse of the furious beast, and rent the woods with their cowardly wailings! He struck, indeed, a few blows with the butt-end of his piece, but the robber of the forest was too nimble for him; a momentary struggle, and he was upon his back. The ferocious Cougar was standing, or rather crouching over him; one paw was upon his broad chest, and each protruded talon, penetrating his clothes and flesh, caused a stream of blood to trickle down his side; the other paw grasped his skull, and he felt as if each claw penetrated to his brain; his senses reeled, and his blood suffused his eyes, and nearly blinded him; still, however, this heroic American fainting not, nor ceased struggling manfully for the victory. His vigorous arms were extended, and his hands grasped the monster's throat, thus keeping him, for a time, from bringing into play those rapacious jaws which, as the hunter's strength declined, were gradually advancing into a closer proximity with his face; such a fearful struggle could not be of long continuance. The burning eye-balls of the Cougar glared nearer and more near still, as they looked into the blood-shot orbits of the prostrate but fearless victim; their owner was forced to turn them aside from the encounter, as if conscious of the dastardly nature of his attack, and the superior bravery, though inferior strength, of the man upon whom he couched. The powers of the man relaxed; nature had done her utmost—she was at length exhausted. The darkness of despair was on the point of plunging his senses in unconsciousness, and death was about to seize upon his victim, when the brushwood behind him crashed, and yielded before a heavy weight—the bay of a blood-hound awoke him to consciousness and hope; a large animal bounded upon the merciless foe; the shock hurled the animal from its prey, and the brave hunter felt that he was saved. Need I explain the occasion of this truly providential, and almost miraculous rescue? The favourite blood hound, which, on quitting home, he had left behind him, and continued howling all day, as if possessing a sort of prophetic prescience of the accident by which his owner's life would be placed in such extreme danger; and having at length broken loose, had gone forth in quest of his missing master, and found him in time, but only just in time, to save him from one of the most horrible of deaths.—From *The Naturalist*.

HUNTING OSTRICHES AND WILD HORSES.

We had taken three brace of birds, when an ostrich starting before us, Candiotti, junior, gave the war-whoop of pursuit to his Gaucho followers; and to me the well-known intimation of "Vamos, Senor Don Juan." Off went, or rather flew, the Gauchos; my steed bounded away in their company; and we were now, instead of tracking an invisible bird through tufted grass, in full cry after the nimble, conspicuous, and athletic ostrich. With crest erect, and angry eye, towering above all herbage, our game flew from us, by the combined aid of wings and limbs, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. The chase lasted half that time; when an Indian peon, starting a-head of the close phalanx of his mounted competitors, whirled his balos, with admirable grace and dexterity, around his head, and with deadly aim flung them over the half-running, half-flying, but now devoted ostrich. Irretrievably entangled, down came the giant bird, rolling, fluttering, panting; and being in an instant despatched, the company of the field stripped him of his feathers, stuck them in their girdles and left the plucked and mangled carcass in the plain, a prey to the vultures, which were already hovering around us. We now came upon an immense herd of wild horses, and Candiotti, junior, said, "Now, Senor Don Juan, I must show you how we tame a colt." So saying, the word was given for the pursuit of the herd, and off once more, like lightning, started the Gaucho horsemen, Candiotti and myself keeping up with them. The herd consisted of about two thousand horses; neighing and snorting, with ears erect and flowing tails, their manes outspread to the wind, affrighted the moment they were conscious of pursuit. The Gauchos set up their usual cry; the dogs were left in the distance; and it was not till we had followed the flock at full speed, and without a check, for five miles, that the two headmost peons launched their baloses at the horse which each had respectively singled out of the herd. Down to the ground, with frightful somersets, came two gallant colts. The herd continued its headlong flight, leaving behind their two prostrate companions. Upon these the whole band of Gauchos now ran in; lazos were applied to tie their legs; one man held down the head of each horse, and another the hind quarters, while, with singular rapidity and dexterity, other two Gauchos put the saddles and bridles on their fallen, trembling, and nearly frantic victims. This done, the two men who had brought down the colts bestrode them as they still lay on the ground. In a moment, the lazos which bound their legs were loosed, and at the same time a shout from the field so frightened the potros, that up they started on all fours, but, to their astonishment, each with a rider on his back, riveted as it were to the saddle, and controlling them by means of a never-before-dreamt of bit in his mouth. The animals made a simultaneous and most surprising vault; they reared, plunged, and kicked; now they started off at full gallop, and anon stopped short in their career, with their heads between their legs, endeavouring to throw their riders, "Que esperanza!" "vain hope, indeed!" Immovable sat the two Tapé Indians: they smiled at the unavailing efforts of the turbulent and outrageous animals to unseat them; and in less than an hour from the time of their mounting it was very evident who were to be the masters. The horses did their very worst, the Indians never lost either the security or the grace of their seats; till, after two hours of the most violent efforts to rid themselves of their burden, the horses were so exhausted, that, drenched in sweat, with gored and palpitating sides, and hanging down their heads, they stood for five minutes together, panting and confounded, but they made not a single effort to move. Then came the Gaucho's turn to exercise his most positive authority. Hitherto he had been entirely upon the defensive. His object was simply to keep his seat, and tire out his horse. He now wanted to move it in a given direction, wayward, zigzag, often interrupted was his course at first, still the Gaucho made for a given point; and they advanced towards it, till at the end of three hours he now mastered animals moved in nearly a direct line, and in company with the other horses, to the queso or small subordinate establishment on the estate, to which we were repairing. When we got there, the two horses, which so shortly before had been free as the wind, they tied to a stake of the corral, the slaves of lordly man; and all hope of emancipation was at an end.—Robertson's *Letters on Paraguay*.

Latest Intelligence.

RESIGNATION OF THE PEEL MINISTRY.

From the London Sun, Dec. 11.

Immediately upon the refusal of the Duke of Wellington, on Friday last, to carry out what he had agreed to do—namely, to propose a repeal of the corn laws in the House of Lords—it became apparent that resignation of office by Sir Robert Peel must follow. Lord John Russell was recommended to be sent for, and a messenger was dispatched on Saturday last to command his attendance at Osborne House. His arrival there was expected yesterday, and Sir Robert Peel expected to have met him. Sir Robert, however, returned last night without having seen Lord John. This morning Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel had an interview of an hour's duration, after which Lord John Russell left town for Cowes. He had an audience of her Majesty and has returned to town this evening, having had full power given to him to form a Government. He has sent for Lord Palmerston, and is taking, it is believed, all the necessary steps to form an Administration.

It were idle to speculate on the cause of this unlooked for disruption of a Cabinet whose whole career has been that of fighting under false or assumed colors. But one circumstance is rather significant. It might have been observed that the Duke of Wellington did not attend the Cabinet Council held on Monday, after the return of Sir Robert Peel from Osborne House on that day. The Duke had made up his mind for better for worse, and left the Cabinet to take its course. It sat only an hour, and during that eventful hour had decided on resigning the government. That decision was, of course, conveyed to the Duke of Wellington, who, prompt to his duty, accompanied the doleful train to Osborne House to resign, what he had often asserted he did not possess, his ministerial office. The duke had no direct ministerial office, but shared responsibility with his colleagues. As commander in Chief the Field Marshal is no Minister, but only commands the army, responsible to the Crown and the Parliament. But, in his ministerial capacity as a Cabinet Minister, he wielded more negative power, perhaps, than Sir R. Peel himself, from the fact that he held the majority of the House of Lords in his pocket! This circumstance alone was quite enough, without the doubtful aid of hesitating friends, to have decided Sir R. Peel on resigning an office which had become as thankless as it was irksome. But he has resigned in a good and righteous cause, and his reward will be in accordance with his merits.

Report says that Sir Robert Peel's resignation was received by her Majesty without hesitation, although Sir Robert Peel's line of intended policy would have had her Majesty's warm support. Lord John Russell was at once sent for; but, as the noble Lord is at present in Edinburgh, some days must elapse before he can obey the summons. Parliament cannot now meet so early as was expected; and upon the course taken by Sir Robert Peel, will depend the prospect of a dissolution. It is believed that Sir Robert will support Lord John Russell in his general policy. The Premier was almost alone in his views in his own Cabinet.

From the London Post, Dec. 12.

On Wednesday last, at the council that assembled at Osborne House, Sir Robert Peel and every member of his cabinet tendered the resignation of their respective offices, and these resignations her Majesty was graciously pleased to accept.

The Queen has since entrusted to Lord John Russell the duty of forming a new cabinet. His Lordship appears to have received the very earliest intimation that his services were likely to be required, since we find that, on Tuesday morning, immediately after the arrival of a messenger from London, the noble Lord quitted the neighbourhood of Edinburgh on his way south. Yesterday Lord John Russell was honoured with an audience by the Queen, at her Majesty's residence in the Isle of Wight.

Such are the details—so far as we can collect them—of the statement we made in a considerable portion of our impression of yesterday. The rumours in circulation up to a late hour of the evening will be found in another part of our paper.

The following is the most correct list of the new Cabinet:

First Lord of the Treasury—Lord J. Russell.
Lord Chancellor—Lord Cottenham.
Secretary of Foreign Affairs—Earl of Clarendon.
Secretary for the Colonies—Viscount Palmerston.
Secretary for the Home Department—Marquis of Normanby.
Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. Baring.
President of the Council—Marquis of Lansdowne.
President of the Board of Trade—Mr. Labouchere.
Vice President—Mr. Sheil.
First Lord of the Admiralty—Earl of Minto.
First Commissioner of Woods and Forests—Earl of Besborough.

From the Liverpool Mercury, Dec. 11.

In the present state of things, it would of course be premature to announce any arrangements as to the persons and places in the new Government. The following list was however pretty generally credited last night in political circles.

First Lord of the Treasury—Lord John Russell.
Lord Chancellor—Lord Cottenham.
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—Lord Palmerston.
Secretary of State for the Home Department—Lord Morpeth.
Secretary of State for the Colonies—Lord Grey.
Under Secretary for the Colonies—Mr. Charles Buller.
Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. Baring.
Attorney General—Sir T. Wilde.
Solicitor General—Mr. Dundas.
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—The Marquis of Normanby.
President of the Council—The Marquis of Lansdowne.
Ambassador at Paris—Lord Clarendon.

From the London Times, Dec. 11.

Yesterday Parliament was further prorogued to the 30th inst. The naming of so early a day would of itself imply that the Cabinet is not now in a state to meet Parliament. The rumours, however, which have been confidently circulated in the best informed quarters since Monday, and circumstances which have come to our knowledge since the return of the Ministers last night from Osborne House, leave scarcely any reasonable doubt that the reviving repugnance of the Duke to the decision of his colleagues has rendered it necessary for them to tender their resignation to her Majesty. An unforeseen difficulty of course there must have been somewhere. After so long and close a succession of councils, that difficulty could only arise from a struggle between the declared intentions of the chief and the prejudice or pride of some of his col-

leagues. Were the Ministry certain of meeting Parliament as the servants of the Crown, it would have fixed the day, and our prediction would have been to the letter fulfilled. That is no longer possible. Some minor changes, as we intimated at the first, there would undoubtedly have been, but it is to the graver difficulty that this new and unforeseen delay must be ascribed. It is said to have been only by the most unqualified expressions of opinion that the leaders of the Cabinet gained the unwilling compliance of the only considerable dissident. There can be no doubt that—what was all along to be apprehended—the representative-general of the Lords has since felt with returning anxiety the weight of the numerous proxies not less rashly undertaken than rashly confided to his care. The head of an aristocracy demands, it may be easily imagined, a little more time; to act is not to resolve. It is not, however, always possible to adjust the interests of a Cabinet, much less those of a nation, to the convenience, the dignity, or the humour of an individual. An obstinacy which is assumed with a less serious intention, may be maintained a day too long to the ruin both of colleagues and cause. Meantime, whatever may happen, whoever may be in next month, very few hours can pass without proving to the nation the substantial truth of our first momentous announcement—viz.: that the leaders of the Cabinet were resolved upon proposing a total repeal of the Corn Laws. They were resolved to the utmost of their power. They were resolved to do this, or nothing—to repeal the Corn Laws or be no Ministers.

If the duke sees peril in that measure, or feels reluctance to undertake it, he will have to realize the dangers and disagreeableness on the other side of the scale—the dissolution of the conservative ministry, and the interposition of a rival, and in some respects a more suitable agency. He will be assured that his own punctilios, so far from impeding the measure, may perhaps only render it the first of a series still less to his taste and convenience. Whatever amount of distrust he may feel in his present (if not by this time his late) colleagues, he will be only too sure of the statements and the policy he will help to inaugurate in his stead. If he has not the heart to solicit the lords in behalf of his friends, he will, nevertheless, not escape the more arduous task of conducting his little aristocratical troop against the close and serried phalanx of an unanimous people headed by inveterate foes.

Most gratifying is the assurance which we are able to offer to our friends; that notwithstanding those difficulties which rendered a dissolution of the cabinet unavoidable, there is not the slightest danger of any schism in the great conservative party, or of any desertion from it. The whole of the cabinet retires without a shade of personal hostility among its members, or any difference of sentiment upon the proper policy, except upon the one question of a repeal, or rather modification, of the corn law. Upon this question, too, the difference is much less than has been supposed. It is, we believe, true that Sir Robert Peel has even insisted upon a considerable relaxation of the laws in question, to be accompanied, however, by a compensation to the agricultural interest—landowners, farmers, and farm laborers—not only adequate, but ample. What this compensation is, we are not able to guess; the events, however, have proved that it was not considered sufficient by the whole Cabinet; and we must at present agree with the dissentients. Nevertheless, it is certain that Sir Robert Peel will support no measure of repeal upon any other terms than those of what he considers an adequate compensation to the agriculturist; so that unless the new Ministers proposed such an adequate compensation, they will find themselves opposed by the conservative majority of more than one hundred, undiminished by a single unit, and reinforced, no doubt, by many honest whigs like Mr. Cayley. Even if they have recourse to a dissolution, they are more likely to lose than to gain, but they must gain more than fifty seats to replace themselves in their glorious majority of one, and it is perfectly impossible that they can gain the half of fifty. A gain of one hundred votes will be necessary to raise them to the position from which Sir Robert Peel's government retires—so much for conservative prospects.

From the London Globe, Dec. 11.

If the House of Lords should, at the instigation of any portion of the late cabinet, place itself in opposition to the course deemed advisable by Lord John and those who may be prepared to act with him, the responsibility will be cast without reserve upon the right shoulders. This will of course result in a direct appeal to the sense of the country; of the result of which, we can, in the present state of affairs, have no doubt. The circumstances under which the Peel Cabinet has been broken up—the state, present and prospective, of the country—and also a proper consideration of the personal tranquility of the Sovereign—conduce to urge the necessity of a speedy release from the state of uncertainty in which the late ministry has left the public affairs.

It is evident that all announcements of new arrangements must, at present, be altogether premature. There has not been a moment's time to communicate with the former or probable parties to such arrangements. The crisis at which Lord John Russell is called upon to act is of no ordinary nature; and it is only as he can fairly hope to carry the great question, which his predecessor fairly hands over to him to carry—that he can wisely determine to act at all. If industry and commerce have not overpowered the mere watchwords of sham Conservatism in the breasts of all interested in industry and commerce, as they have in the breast of the late Premier himself—we had better run the gauntlet through the line of Dukes, and make up our minds to a stimulating course of curry-powder. That is our alternative to a Corn-law repealing government. Is it one that commends itself to Conservative interests amongst the cultivating or commercial middle classes?

From the Liverpool Mail, Dec. 13.

The nation, by the resignation of ministers, is in a much more serious dilemma than many persons seem to think. Sir Robert Peel, it is rumored, differs from the majority of his colleagues on a measure that touches the vitality of the country; and finding himself so situated, he throws up the reins of government and retires. The landed interest, as it is called, would have almost insurmountable difficulties in forming an administration to carry out their views. The conservative party is divided; suspicion and distrust have long been in the camp; some murmur, some storm, many are sick, and not a few are disgusted.

What, then, is to be done? The old whig party, as Mr. Cayley has proved, will not support Lord John Russell. He has done much mischief in his day, but he never committed so much upon himself, as he did by his recent declaration against all protective duties upon corn. Lord Morpeth has sold himself by means of a £5 note. The split, therefore, in the whig ranks, between those who have land, and those who are landless—between the well-fed, and the hungry whig, is immense and irreparable.

Our opinion is, judging by the obscure light in which the defection is yet

placed, that a dissolution of Parliament must be the result, followed immediately by a general election. In this case, the nation at large will be called upon to decide the great question at issue. Much inconvenience to many parties must ensue, particularly to those connected with railway bills; but we are far from believing that the inconvenience of delay for six or eight weeks, may not be salutary to the country generally.

ANIMAL SAGACITY.—We find in *Galignani's Messenger* the following singular story of animal sagacity and attachment:—A short time ago, an aged inhabitant of the commune of Saint Agnes, in the beautiful valley of Gresivaudan, shut in by the snow topped Alps, went out at an early hour of the morning to gather some wild fruits, and at the same time led his goat and her kid to pasture. Seeing a large stone detach itself from a rock above his head, and come rolling down upon him, he, to avoid being crushed by it, stepped back; but, happening to put his foot on a sandy hollow spot, he lost his balance, and fell over a precipice to the depth of 200 feet. Although severely cut and bruised, unable to raise himself up, or even to move, he remained the whole day under the torments of pain and hunger, aggravated by the swarms of insects which came to attack his wounds. As the night came on, the sufferer was surprised by seeing his goat come down the steep, and, on her reaching him, voluntarily offer her dugs to his parched lips. In this manner the affectionate animal supported her master for four successive days, repeatedly bleating with all her force. By this exertion of her instinct, one might almost say of her reason, the animal at length attracted the notice of a goat-herd, who, with great intrepidity, got down the dangerous descent, and reached the old man thus miraculously preserved. It was, however, only for a short time; for, being brought home by the collected exertions of many of his fellow villagers, he expired on the following day in the arms of the cure of the parish, who eagerly purchased the faithful goat which had preserved her master so long.

A Large Fortune.—In two or three years, (1848,) a man by the name of Thelluson, who will then be 28 years of age, will come into possession, in England, of 12 millions sterling, or about 60 millions of dollars! About 130 years ago an ancestor died, directing that his property should accumulate until 1848, and then fall to the heir. Parliament attempted to set the will aside, but failed; they however passed an act that no such will should be legal thenceforward.

There are so many errors in the above extract, relating to one of the most singular wills ever framed, that we have thought it worth while to correct them.

Peter Thelluson, the testator, was settled at Broadsworth, in the county of York, in England. He died July 27, 1797, having, by will, dated April 2d, 1796, after giving large legacies to his family, devised the residue of his property, consisting of lands, of the annual value of £4,500, and a personal property of six hundred thousand pounds, to trustees, for the purpose of accumulating during the lives of his three sons, and the lives of the survivors of them, then the estates directed to be purchased with the produce of the accumulating fund to be conveyed to the eldest male descendant of his three sons, with the benefit of survivorship.

Peter Thelluson left three sons; Peter Isaac, George, and Charles.—George died without leaving male issue; and Charles died without any issue.

Peter Isaac had four sons born before the death of the testator, all of whom died childless, and one, William, born on the 6th of January, 1798, and of course within due time after the decease of Peter Thelluson.

Singularly enough, this person, William, born within the prescribed words of the will, is the person whose son is to inherit this vast estate.—William married in 1826, and in the year 1848, his son being 21, will take the property.

It will be seen that the property has been accumulating since 1797, and not for a period of 130 years as stated in the above paragraph.

The property will, it is supposed, far exceed 12 millions sterling. As long ago as 1827, before the birth of the son William, it was calculated it would probably amount to thirty-two millions sterling before any portion of it could be alienated.

No attempt was made by Parliament to set aside the will of Peter Thelluson. It was finally established on an appeal taken in the House of Lords, from a decision of the then Chancellor. But it gave occasion to the passing of the Acts 39 and 40, George 3d, chap. 98, restraining the power of devising property for the purpose of accumulating, to 21 years after the death of the testator.

Quakeress's Submission to a Kiss.—The late Mr. Rush used to tell this story of a barrister. As the coach was about starting before breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss.

"Friend," said she, "thee must not do it."

"O, by heavens, I will," replied the barrister.

"Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it! but thee must not make a practice of it."

"A Word in Private."—In the town of W—, in this State, while Elder K— was preaching, on the forenoon of a sabbath, a few years since, a Mr. C— arose, and asked leave to tell his experience. The Elder desired him to wait until the sermon was over, which he did. When the Amen was pronounced, he sprang upon his feet and began to relate his religious experience of some twenty-odd years. The past half year having taken up more time than the sermon, the Elder became impatient, and tried in vain to stop him. The congregation were also out of patience, and several who knew him ventured to ask him to postpone what he had to say till after dinner, but to no purpose. At length Deacon True walked up to him, putting his hand gently upon his shoulder, whispered in his ear—"Brother C—, I want to speak a word to you in private;" and turning round walked directly out of the door; but looking back over his shoulder as he crossed the threshold, Mr. C—, with great simplicity, cried—"Deacon, it's no use—I haven't got a cent of money—and the old colt's dead." It is, perhaps unnecessary to add that Brother C. had bought a colt of the Deacon a few months before, and that he supposed the "word in private" was to dun him for the pay. Though Sunday, the congregation broke up in a roar of laughter.

German Love.—The story we give below, could only have happened in Germany, or be related of Germans. A young girl of twenty-one, Rose Koble, a shop tender, became acquainted with a student of pharmacy, one Theophilus Keppler. This acquaintance, apparently very slight, was soon forgotten by the young man, but excited a love, violent almost to madness,

in the heart of Rose. A peasant girl, an intimate friend of Rose, who had discovered the secret of her passion, made a shameful profit of its intensity. She addressed the poor girl letters purporting to be written by Keppler, and cajoled her for fourteen years. During the whole of that period she never once saw her fancied betrothed, but letters asking for money, sugar, brandy, and even linen, poured thick upon her. The excuses for not seeing her were of the most strange and improbable nature; such as, that in consequence of failure on his examination he was taken to a house of detention in Holland, constructed expressly for the punishment of defeated candidates. Such was the tenor of all the correspondence; misfortune seemed to have rained on him. At one time he had broken an arm, at another a leg. Sickness, suffering, and especially distitution afflicted him; the last, being an appeal enduring and unending. Rose, at different periods, had sent eleven thousand fances, an enormous sum for one in her position, to collect which she was obliged to deny herself all but the necessities of life, and to sacrifice her little patrimony and that of a sister. At last, after fourteen years of continued anxieties and privations, Rose read in a newspaper an announcement of the death of Theophilus Kippler, apothecary, of Winterbach, whose disconsolate widow and afflicted children, &c. Thereupon, on complaint to the authorities, the criminal who had withered her youth and wasted her property was found in her bosom friend.—The punishment inflicted is fourteen years confinement in a dungeon, from which, during a certain period of each year, all light is excluded.

Evening Mirror.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.—A visitor once went into a school in this city, says the Boston Sun, where he saw a boy and girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said he, "you had better kiss your brother than strike him."

The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her, with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected the sister, and with her little handkerchief she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster; he was completely subdued.

Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more blows. If men, women, families and communities and nations would act on this same principle, this world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. "Nation would not lift up the sword against nation neither would they learn war any more."

"The Barefoot Printer Boy."—The Pittsburg "Morning Ariel," under this caption, gives a short history of a distinguished citizen of Pennsylvania, as follows:—

"Thirty years ago, said he, a barefooted boy floated down the Susquehanna river, on a humble raft, and arrived at Harrisburg, Penn. He came from the North, and belonged to a large family, with all his worldly goods tied in a little pocket handkerchief, he sought and obtained employment in a printing office as an apprentice. From an apprentice to a journeyman, to a reporter, then editor, the barefooted printer boy worked his way against obstacles which the struggling poor only know. The persevering follower in Franklin's footsteps began to realize the fruits of his patient toil and privation. The young aspirant became Printer to the State, and by frugal management was soon enabled to accomplish the object nearest to his heart—the establishment of his mother in a home above want—in the possession of every comfort she could desire. His brothers next were his care, and like Napoleon, he had a strong arm with which to aid him: an indomitable perseverance that nothing could successfully obstruct. In a few years, they too, with his sisters, were independent of the world, the once barefooted printer boy was in possession of affluence, surrounded by a young and affectionate family.

"He did not stop here. He was the friend of the friendless, the patron of merit, the encourager of industry. He rose in honor and in office, until the poor barefooted boy who entered a printing office, at Harrisburg, hungry and weary, laid down his bundle on a pile of wet paper, and asked to become a printer's apprentice, was elected Senator in Congress! That man is SIMON CAMERON, of Pennsylvania."

Messrs. Editors: As our Western neighbors are so anxious for war, and as we of the East must stand the brunt of it, will you allow me to tell them a story I heard some time since:—

"A young Kentuckian started some years ago for the West in search of fame and fortune. In a small town in the western part of Missouri he applied to a settler for work. The Missourian was an old man, who had been a great fighter in his day, but since old age had begun to feed upon his strength he had been most gloriously whipped. When the Kentuckian applied for employment he was asked if he could fight? He answered that he could, and could 'lick' anything in Missouri. The old man hired him, giving him extra wages if he would do his fighting for him, as well as what other work he might require.

"The second morning after the above arrangement was made they were walking along the road, when they met a stout man, with whom the Missourian had had a fight and been whipped. The old man walked up to his enemy, and without ceremony insulted him. Of course the man was ready for a fight. But the old man had no idea of being bruised again, and so called upon the Kentuckian to whip the fellow. This, of course, he felt bound to do; and, in accordance with his contract, went at it. The battle was long and severe, but the Kentuckian came off conqueror, though sorely bruised.

"At night, when they sat down to their evening meal, the old man asked his friend how he liked his situation?

"Why," said the Kentuckian, "a bargain is a bargain, and I am the last man to back out from my engagement. But if you would carry yourself a little more *circumstantially* (circumspectly,) I'd go along rather better, for, in my opinion, there was no need of that almighty *hard* fight this morning."

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

The Providence Journal tells an anecdote of a very good old Connecticut deacon, who was attaching a very feeble pair of oxen to a very large and heavy load of wood.

A neighbor asked him how he expected to get so large a load to market with so poor a team. The good deacon said he expected to have some assistance from Divine Providence.

"Would it not be as well replied the neighbor, "to dispense entirely with the oxen, and let Divine Providence draw the whole load?"

RUG RAFFLES.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Sovereigns of the olden times had their jesters; the "sovereign people" on this side the water have revived the fashion, with several other useful things dug up from the rubbish of the past. Every circle constituting a court, every individual of which is a king, has its "queer genius," and every little village has its privileged quizzier, its regular installed jester. It is this important personage who goes about at night changing signs, leaving the barber's pole at the door of the merchant most renowned for shaving, putting "turning" on the county Surrogate's office, and "fancy goods" on the young ladies' seminary. The same enterprising gentleman pastes a little slip of white paper over the M when the hand bills announce there is to be a mass meeting, sews up the top of his bed-fellow's hose, rings door bells on his way home from a pleasant spree at midnight, and imitates most successfully the inarticulate language of every animal, from the tremulously vain crow of the novice up to the roar of the infuriated bull! Oh, what a terror the humor-loving wight is to adventurous children and housemaids in search of recreation!

We are not without our jester at Alderbrook of course—as well dispense with hot coffee and muffins at breakfast. Rug Raffles, a gentleman who officiates in the capacity of mirth maker general to their magistrates the sovereign people of Alderbrook, is a fat, jolly personage, with a peculiar funny rolling gait when he walks, and a way quite as peculiar and quite funny of putting up his feet or hands when he sits. There is a laugh nestled in every curve of his big ugly fingers, whether they exercise their muscles in expressive gestures, or lay themselves away to rest on his knee; and the knee itself crooks a little differently from any other mortal knee, so that you mechanically pinch your lips together when you look at it to prevent an unseemly expulsion. Some say Rug Raffles never does any harm with his mischief, while others as decidedly declare that such doings never come to any good. If our jester really occupies the innocent state of bewilderment ascribed to him, he is better off than most of us. I do not know whether the sin of neglecting to do good finds a fair offset in the virtue of neglecting to be evil, but I fancy that it is rather difficult to find a nearer balancing of accounts. So Rug Raffles after all is not a man to be despised, though his calling be not of the highest order. If our jester would but confine his pranks to undignified people and to six days, he would be rather more popular with the respectables, but propriety (or rather tact) is one of the things Rug Raffles lacks the genius for. So he sometimes exposes himself to the severity of deacon Palmer's mental love-pats which he receives with all due humility. I have in my memory now an occasion of this kind. There was a time when some of us wearied of our good old pastor Brown, and desired something more modern than his pious, homely simplicity. Parson Brown exercised the law of love entirely, and this was made to appear a crime by some uneasy spirits who thought the go-ahead system might be made to operate in the church at Alderbrook as in the church and would elsewhere. So our wisely gentle pastor was pushed out of the place that he had occupied since Alderbrook was a forest to make room for a successor. A more suitable man was the first cry; but any thing for a change soon became the rule of action, though it was not exactly bodied in words; so in reality the new pastor owed his entire popularity to being, as deacon Palmer ventured to whisper, "a new broom." A tall, stiff, formal man, with a loud monotonous voice, and a manner of mingled pomposity and severity came among us, to edify our elders with abstruse theories and throw a shadow on the hearts of us little children, who had been fed by lessons of love from his predecessor. I do not know how the congregation at large looked upon the new pastor, but the children and Rug Raffles clung with all their hearts to the old régime, and hated most cordially "our pastor Lawsley." Besides the Browns were almost broken-hearted at the indignity done them; to say nothing of the respectable living which they had lost, thus throwing them unexpectedly upon the slender resources of uninitiated money makers. And who should pity them, pray, if we did not? And how should we ever expect pardon for our ingratitude if we could find it in our hearts to take kindly to one we believed their enemy? We could not, and we would not, and so there was nothing left us but to wage an uncompromising war with parson Lawsley. To be sure it was little that we children could do but get tired and rustle our dresses and rattle our feet in church; but Rug Raffles was a man of means. Many were the lettered strips of board which came to label the parsonage in the night time, now proclaiming there was "pig iron" within, and now "white-washing done" by the master of the mansion; but still the Rev. Mr. Lawsley walked with the same air of consequence up and down the village side walk, till Rug Raffles wished himself a fly and thought very highly of nose tickling. Sometimes he managed to pin strips of paper to the Rev. gentleman's coat with rather gay scraps of songs upon them; but these were soon removed, and strange to say, without an abatement of dignity.

Our church is an old fashioned one, with a good fat weathercock (that wheezes when the wind blows as though it had the asthma) upon the belfry, and big plain glass windows guiltless of shutters, commanding a view of the whole village and the farm houses upon its skirts. There is a large gallery extending all around the inside, the front of which is occupied by a very fine toned organ, (purchased in honor of the new pastor,) and a half score of vocalists, and the back just behind the pulpit by the "boys and loafers." Among this motley company Rug Raffles reigns king. Not that he exactly classes himself with either, but other people do it for him. The respectable call him a loafer and the boys are very sure he belongs to them. One morning parson Lawsley walked into the pulpit as usual, read a portion of scripture and then a hymn, and set down to examine his notes. Immediately above him, peering over the gallery with the most waggish expression of countenance, leaned Rug Raffles, his fat arms folded beneath his chin, and his round head wagging from side to side as though there had been a thought in it disinclined to quiet. There was a striking contrast between the long chin, hollow temples, cadaverous cheeks and severely serious face below, and the puff-cheeked, peaked-eyed, mirth-clipped visage peering down upon him with a ludicrous expression of mock gravity which sent a smile to many a lip. Soon the hymn was ended and the preacher rose and leaned upon his cushioned desk to pray. The heads of the more reverend part of the congregation were bowed, while Rug Raffles entertained the rest. He pulled a line from his pocket, disengaged a fish hook from his vest, and attached it to the line, began to lower it towards the sofa in the pulpit. People stared and smiled, for it was scarce to be expected that Rug Raffles would make a good "fisher of men." But this was not his object. After he had angled for some time on the sofa his eye suddenly brightened, the corners of his mouth retreated towards his ears, and with a nod and wave of triumph, which very nearly convulsed the waiting congregation with laughter, he suddenly brought his prize to light. He had managed to catch his hook upon a thread, and the Rev. Mr. Lawsley's sermon was fast approaching the

gallery. An involuntary titter caused deacon Palmer and several others to raise their heads; but Rug Raffles was carefully conning his notes, and the cause of the untimely mirth was undiscoverable. The prayer ended, another hymn was sung and the preacher began to look about him for his sermon. He thrust his hands first in one pocket and then in the other, examined the contents of his hat, turned over the leaves of the bible with irreverent haste, again rummaged his pockets, looked upon the floor, and then paused to wipe the heavy perspiration from his brow, little dreaming that his lost manuscript was far above his head. But if he had turned an eye upwards he would have seen nothing but Rug Raffles gazing down inquiringly upon him as though wondering if the imperturbable parson Lawsley had really gone mad. As for the congregation, some were enjoying the joke without compunction, while others, according to their different dispositions, had their sympathies enlisted in behalf of the distressed clergyman. But both classes found it difficult to restrain their laughter. At last the preacher in evident despair, opened his bible, turned over the leaves handful after handful, and finally, in a state of nervous excitement, paused as though to calm his thoughts. Rug Raffles spread the sermon before him, donned a pair of horn-mounted spectacles with the glasses out, and began to look important. Parson Lawsley announced his text, and Rug Raffles nodded approvingly. The preacher commenced his exordium, and Rug nodded again with a patronizing air which said as plainly as words, "good boy! good boy! he has his lesson nicely." In a moment, however, the preacher began to extemporize, and Rug frowned and shook his head violently. It was too much for the gravity of the irritated part of the audience, and there was a half smothered burst of laughter which started even themselves and put parson Lawsley to the torture. He was not accustomed to speaking extemporaneously and he fancied he had excited the laugh by his awkwardness. The preacher went on hesitatingly and tremblingly; Rug Raffles frowned and shook his head, now and then giving a quick nod of approbation, and the audience was a most irreverently smiling one. At last the strange sermon ended and the preacher leaned over his desk to pray. Immediately Rug Raffles commenced operations again. He drew a piece of twine from his pocket, and tying it loosely around the pillared sermon began lowering it toward the sofa. Down, down, slowly and carefully it came; then there was a sudden jerk, and the disengaged line was gathered up and stowed away in the pocket of the jester. The clergyman ended his prayer and turned to the sofa. There lay his lost sermon in the very spot where he had placed it. He started backward with astonishment, and unfortunately being nearer the side of the pulpit than he had imagined, lost his balance on the top stair and turned a somers-et to the bottom. That parson Lawsley had surely gone mad was the general impression, and the congregation scattered, leaving Rug Raffles in the vestibule chuckling over the success of his feat. After this everybody took occasion to tack a smile to the name of parson Lawsley whenever it was mentioned, and in six months time our dear old parson was re-installed in his office and we have never wearied of him since. When deacon Palmer first heard the truth of the Lawsley story, he gave Rug Raffles a serious reprimand and presented him with a new coat! This was an era in Rug's life. His seedy thread-bare habiliments had tried severely the affection between warp and woof, and though he was never weary of caressing the friends that had stood by him through weal and woe, he was far from heart broken at the thought of a separation from them.

But the deacon had not thought of one thing—that the new coat would need shapeliness—and Rug was quite above carrying about with him such tradesman-like things as dollars and cents. Besides there was not a tailor in Alderbrook who would trust him. Nothing daunted, however, our hero shouldered his cloth and marched to every door. It was of no use; every shop was overstocked with work, and poor Rug was in a quandary. But at last a bright thought came. He wouldn't have his coat made by a clumsy awkward man, not he. Women's delicate fingers were far nimbler; and there was not a prettier woman within fifty miles of Alderbrook than the pale, sweet creature, who occupied the tiny cottage at the foot of the hill near the toll gate.

Beautiful, indeed was young Nelly Tinsley: more beautiful now than when decked in the gayest finery the shops of Alderbrook afforded, she moved among us without a shadow on her brow. Now sad thought had drawn lines upon her face painfully intelligible; the blue veins crossed her temples with unusual distinctness; her eyes were dimmed with night-watching, and her small hand had grown thin and half transparent. How had the blithe, ruddy daughter of farmer Bly changed! Nelly Bly had been a bright, fun-loving girl, who was petted and indulged until she grew willful and spurned every rein but that of love. She yielded to her father because she loved him; but when a stronger love came to her heart she forgot her obedience to the first. Young Arthur Tinsley smoothed back her hair, and told her how dear was every golden thread to him; pressed her pretty hand between his own; looked into her eyes until they grew dreamy as his; kissed the smile from her bright lip, and finally unlocked a fountain of delicious tears which had till now slumbered deep down in her nature. Who would not grow familiar with tears must never love; who would not love must barter all the wealth of the measureless depths of the human heart for the bubble which dances on its surface. The bubble went from Nelly's heart, the glimmer from her lip, and up gushing from the rich depths below came a fountain never more to be sealed, not even in eternity. Love made the spirit of Nelly Bly meek, but it made it strong too. So when the stubborn old farmer told her that if she became the wife of the beggarly artist Tinsley his door should be forever closed against her, she turned and with a touching, beautiful faith, added her hand to her heart's gift. What a holy thing is that love which closing the eyes upon a brilliant future turns to lowliness and clouds, and whispers to the beloved one "only thee and Heaven!" I know there are men of cold theories who would prove to me that Nelly Bly acted far from right, and I should be speechless before them; but when they are away with their arguments I cannot remember what they have said, and so I find myself pronouncing the love of our meek-eyed, white browed neighbor, a beautiful and a holy thing.

Farmer Bly had no other child, and so after Nelly's marriage the great farmhouse became a desolate place, and he so surly and ill-natured that children ran and hid themselves at the sound of his voice. At first Nelly Tinsley was very proud of her husband, for she knew well how to appreciate his genius, and she was delighted to find that she could aid in its development by soothing and encouragement. But soon pride began to lose itself in anxiety. Trials were in the way and he grew irritable; trials increased and he bent beneath them; still others came and health and spirits yielded. A strong man could scarcely have wrestled with such a fortune; but Arthur Tinsley had the helplessness of a child and the sensitiveness of a woman. For a while poor Nelly struggled on cheerful and uncomplainingly, and then as uncomplainingly but with a heart ache written in every line of her face, she came with her sick husband and dying child back to Alderbrook. Oh, how changed was that

bright young face, with the merry heart-glow lighting up either cheek! Could that pale, fragile creature be Nelly Bly? The rugged old farmer turned from her despairing cry and shut the door against her with an oath; and for an hour did poor Nelly lie like one dead at the roots of the white rose bushes among which she had spent her bird-like hours before she knew sorrow. At last she arose and reeled back to the village; not quite broken hearted, for her husband was yet life to her; and though he was now but the wreck of the impassioned, enthusiastic, heartfull Arthur Tinsley, that shattered wreck was far dearer to her than the noble scabbled structure. Her heart had grown to him in their humiliation. Was she not his world as he was her's? Immeasurably blest was young Nelly Tinsley even in her misery; and as she knelt by the sick couch of her husband that night, and soothed his aching head and listened to his low tones, sometimes querulous, sometimes melting with tenderness, there was not one act of her life towards him she would have recalled. Some people made mention of the fact that there had been no parental blessing on the union and shook their head, remarking that "such things were always punished sooner or later;" but Nelly would have stared at them in bewilderment. Surely there was nothing like punishment in her. She had certainly suffered very deeply, but it was *with him*; and could all her father's lands buy a single hour of that time made invaluable by love? Why there was a blessedness in her very sufferings, consecrated as they were to a holy affection; and while she was wearing out life in poverty and lowliness she would not have exchanged for a diadem her sacred wealth of heart. Where the shadows rest the violets spring freshest and sweetest. If the sunlight must needs kiss the perfume from my violets, heaven keep me ever in the shadow. We are wayward children and do not always know what is good for us; but we have a Father above who, when he takes from us the dross and tinsel, blesses us with such things as the angels have. When our first mother went out of Eden in sorrow she carried an Eden in her heart; there are some who live in Eden now but their hearts are barren.

Nelly Tinsley found a home with an old woman to whom she had been kind in better days, and the villagers buried her child, and then she was comparatively forgotten. Her husband sometimes rose from his couch long enough to try a little with his pencil, but the most trifling efforts were usually repaid by long dreary days of sickness; then he would become peevish, talk of starving and of doctor's bills, beg them to let him die, for he was all that kept Nelly from wealth and happiness, and bitterly bewail his folly in ever having deprived her of a home. Nelly answered cheerfully every inhuman but the last; but that scarce sincere regret was always dissipated by her tears. Then came the words of tenderness which turned Nelly's sad heart into a habitation of subdued, sorrow-shaded bliss. The old woman with whom Nelly had found a home, supported herself by her needle, and so the young wife was soon initiated into the more substantial mysteries.

Rug Raffles had no hope of inducing dame Gaskill to make his coat, for he was quite aware that his credit was not very high with her; but Nelly Tinsley probably had many dreary, unoccupied hours; and he argued, as he wended his way to her humble door, that he would be doing her a great favor in furnishing her with employment.

"Nothing like industry to keep trouble away—so I've heard say," soliloquized Rug Raffles, as he trundled his burly corpus over the little strip of tan bark at the road side. "Industry! ha! ha! That's why I don't have trouble, I suppose. Ha! ha! A little job for the squire to night, just to keep him from sublimating on the top of his big stilts—um! only a trifle," and Rug Raffles winked and nodded, and looked about him as though he had been making confidants of the fence and bushes. "Well, I am a philanthropist, there's no disputing that. Parson Brown is a pretty good—a pretty good man—but he wouldn't crawl out of his bed of a dark night to benefit the public in the way I do, I reckon. Yes, the public—that's the word—I'm a public benefactor, ha! ha! They say a laugh is the best medicine. I make every body laugh, and so I'm the biggest doctor in Alderbrook. So, so—this is the house. Not quite a palace, for sure. Wonder if Miss Nelly Bly don't want to get back into the old farm house—seems to me that was rather more comfortable."

When Rug Raffles made known his errand he found, as he had anticipated, dame Gaskill quite overstocked with work.

"Can't make it, dame?"

"No; my customers—"

"Rayther queer!" and Rug regarded the empty table and work-shelf, with an expression peculiarly quizzical.

"But my customers—"

"Supposing I should wait a week or two?"

"Oh, it would make no difference; I have pile on pile of work; and my customers—"

"Well now, dame Gaskill, could you find time to make it next year?" interrupted Rug, fixing his peared eyes on her with a kind of mesmeric stare, and puffing out his full cheeks; "I like your work amazingly, dame, and I'm willing to be accommodating, I am."

"I think I can make it." The words came in soft, tremulous tones from the farther end of the long narrow room, which Rug immediately whispered him self was occupied by an angel. The speaker was leaning over a couch, with one thin hand resting caressingly on a brow even thinner and paler than itself; and as she turned her face to speak, Rug, careless as he was, discerned the traces of tears on her now flushed cheek, and knew by her eager tones that his favor was duly esteemed.

"You!" exclaimed dame Gaskill. "Why, you never made a coat in your life! Think of stitching the collar, and working the button-holes, and pressing it off, all that. No, no! You can't make it."

"If—if you would show me," began Nelly, hesitatingly, "if you would show me, perhaps—"

"But I can't show you—I shall have no time for showing you."

"I should like to do it, indeed!" burst from the lips of the poor wife, as she clasped her pale hands helplessly over her face, and the tears gushed like a shower of precious things—less precious than they those pure heart-jewels!—from between her attenuated fingers.

"And you shall do it!" exclaimed Rug, setting down his foot emphatically.

A look of gratitude and a sob was the answer.

"Stitching the collar,"—began the unrelenting dame.

"The collar needn't be stitched. There is no use in spoiling the young woman's eyes stitching collars. Who ever looks at my collar, I should like to know!"

"And the button-holes,"—continued the pertinacious dame.

"Don't want button-holes—won't have button-holes—button-holes always break out and make a great bother. Button holes are among the ornamentals, and I'm principled against ornamentals."

"Lud-a-mercy, Mr. Raffles!"

"It's no use, dame. Right about face! hands and eyes down! The young woman shall do it."

"But Mr. Raffles—"

"I tell ye she shall do it!"

"It never will do to give it up so," thought dame Gaskill; though to tell the truth, she had been watching in great anxiety all the morning for a customer; and so she rose and joined Nelly at the other end of the room. Rug did not hear the first remarks; but, after a few moments, entreatingly and deprecatingly came the words "Oh it is necessary—it is; and he couldn't have the heart to keep back the money from me."

"Certainly not if he had it; but Rug Raffles hasn't known the color of a coin this many a day, I'll warrant me."

"It is a solemn fact, dame," whispered Rug to himself, at the same time fumbling in his empty pockets.

"He will get the money, I am sure he will; he looks good-natured, and I will trust him; I am certain he will get it."

"If he only could, mistress pretty-lips," was the aside of Rug, "but where in the name of old shoes and ragged elbows is it to come from? That's what I should just like to know."

"You will lose it," pursued the dame.

"Heaven forbid! and he so ill, and so worried when I take the needle."

"It is a great pity you should worry him."

"Oh, I will not. I will do it while he sleeps. He always has a long sleep after midnight."

"And kill yourself!"

"Oh no, I am so well and strong!"

The dame sighed; and Rug drew the cuff of his coat across his eyes—probably to shade them from the sunlight.

"But you do not need this money just now; you paid the doctor's bill yesterday, and there is plenty of arrow-root left for these two or three days; yet; of course there is no danger that you and I will starve. Just wait patiently and some job will come worth having before you need the money."

Nelly looked around to assure herself that the invalid slept, and then answered softly, "He asked me for paints this morning and it was a hard thing to deny him. I never have done that before. Medicine may drive the pain away, but he will go wild if poverty keep him from the exercise of his art. The paints are worth more to him than medicine."

"Why he couldn't use them, if—"

"But he must have them, if I go out into the streets and beg."

"Nonsense, child? I have no patience with you. You will kill yourself to indulge his whims. You got this terrible cough sitting up in the cold room to earn the money for that canvass; and then the ungrateful fellow pushed his foot through it just because some of his figurations didn't suit him. There, don't cry, child—don't cry! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Sick folks must be indulged, I suppose, and Mr. Tinsley isn't always so; but I must say you are an angel to take his high handed doings so sweetly, when he is put out. And I must say it is rather hard for you to kill yourself for a whimsey."

Rug Raffles had found his chair rather uncomfortable during the conference of the two women, and particularly since in their earnestness they had allowed their voices to rise to a bearing pitch. He put the right leg over the left knee, then the left leg over the right knee, trotted his foot, drummed with his hands on the crown of his hat, hitched, fidgeted, whistled, and finally, in the midst of a pathetic remonstrance from Nelly, sprang to his feet outright.

"I'll tell you what, young woman—ahem! young woman—mistress pretty-speech—I tell you I don't want that coat. I hate new coats; they always pinch and set a fellow up like a pound of starch, and—I should feel like a gentleman in a new coat, and I object to being a gentleman; I couldn't condescend."

By the time Rug had delivered himself of his speech he was at the door.

"But the cloth, Mr. Raffles! Don't go away without the cloth," exclaimed dame Gaskill, following her queer customer with the package. "Don't bother me with the cloth, dame. D'ye think I'm an errand boy to be running about the streets with bundles? Out of my way, and take the cloth back into the house! But look-ee, old woman, some folks say I'm the devil, so look out how you put your fingers inside that bundle. Its—its," and by this time Rug Raffles was clambering up the hill, very nearly breathless, "its for Nelly Bly to buy paints with."

"A new coat!" soliloquized Rug, as he seated himself on the front steps of the nearest grocery: "A new coat must be a terrible bore. I shouldn't sit down so easy-like in it as I do in you, old friend," and he hugged his seedy satchet as in all probability he would have hugged a sweet-heart. "How strangely my elbows would feel in a new coat, poor things! as fixed up I used to feel when grandmama took me a visiting; and my shoulders too—they are free born citizens, and never desired putting in the stocks, not they. But what a villain old Bly must be! The girl would actually have got the blind side of me, if I would have let her—but then it isn't in the nature of us laughing philosophers to mind much about the weepers. Poor thing! how pitifully she talks of that rascally husband of her's, and he leads her a dog's life, I've no doubt. It's a fancy some husbands have to beat and bruise about, as though there was nobody in the big world but themselves; and I'm glad I've kept clear of 'em. I'm glad, I mean, that I don't happen to have a wife to tyrannise over, for I should be a shocking bad fellow in that case, I know I should. Wouldn't I flourish my shillelah, though? Hurra!"

After making a grand flourish, and explaining to the inquisitive bystanders that he was only cudgelling Mrs. Roggles Raffles that was to be, our hero again seated himself on the steps and immediately fell into a state of profound meditation. Rug was apt to be contemplative when he was not uproariously social, and as the result of his ponderings was apt to follow close on the heels of his thoughtfulness no one ever offered even a penny for his thoughts. When the half hour was passed, Rug arose and shook himself like a Sampson. Probably he was satisfied that his strength was with him; for immediately his face put on all its waggery; his half-shut, pointed eyes looked as though made to puffer sermons; his mouth, which grew astonishingly wide, held a merry thought in each corner; even his large nose had an expression about it which added not a little to the comic drollery of his phiz; and he alternately rubbed his hands and hugged himself with infinite satisfaction. As soon as his first self-congratulations were over, he began trundling himself along the street, his heavy locomotions seeming to find the utmost difficulty in keeping pace with him.

Farmer Bly had been more gruff since the return of his daughter than ever. He was obliged to employ men-servants (or rather gentlemen helps) within doors, for no woman would stay in his kitchen; and both house and field were often witnesses of desperate quarrels between employer and the employed.

On this day he was going his usual rounds among his workmen, when, as he chanced to draw near a forest, his attention was arrested by hearing his own name.

"I say, uncle, I should like to own this farm of old Bly."

"Yes, it is a fine farm; but little good does it bring to the owner. He is the most miserable old wasp in existence; for, fool-like, he thought to sting his daughter, but instead of that he stung himself and has been smarting ever since."

"But he has a grand farm for all that."

"Yes, a grand farm; but what good will it do him? They'll shovel his old bones into the grave one of these days, and his hard earnings will go to those who will be glad the old pest is out of the way."

"Probably his pauper daughter will come in for a share then."

The listener ground his teeth and clenched his fist. Perhaps he was enraged at the thought of his money going to poor Nelly. Perhaps the idea of his daughter's being a pauper was new to him.

"Not she!" returned the other voice, "she's pretty much done with money and pauperism both, I reckon; and he'll soon have her ghost to worry him out of the world, I can tell you. She won't come near him now though she's starving, poor thing! but bones which have been in the grave are not so nice about such matters. She will haunt the old knave, night and day, I'll warrant me."

"What a pity the miserable old Jew hasn't a grand-child since he's resolved to disinherit his daughter."

"Ah, he might have had. A finer boy never gladdened mother's heart than little Harry."

Farmer Bly gave a sudden start and his face changed to an ashen hue.

"It was a strange thing enough for her to name him after one who had treated her so shamefully; but women will have queer notions, and he was the very picture of his rascally grand father. That was enough to make Nelly hate him; but instead of that she only loved him the more. Wolves and tigers take care of their little ones, but old Bly left his to starve. It is well though that the baby died, for the sooner such a race becomes extinct the better."

"And do you think Tinsley is really dying?"

"No doubt of it. Three murders are a pretty heavy load for one man's conscience."

Farmer Bly unconsciously uttered a groan; but the conversationists who seemed in no wise disturbed by the sound, continued:

"I have heard that he actually refused his grand-son a shroud."

"It is true; and I shouldn't wonder if that very deed condemned his own bones to rot above ground. Such things do happen sometimes."

"Think of pretty Nelly Bly being a beggar in Alderbrook! There was a time when the Blys carried their heads as high as the highest; but now they are quite down in the mouth. Only two left; the one disgraced in every body's eyes by his unnatural hard heartedness, and the other a pauper! Well, it is one comfort to us poor fellows to know that we all come out about the same in the end. Any way, I would rather be in my grave than old Bly's."

"Old Antoine's would be a palace to that, I fancy."

"Does Mistress Nelly ever speak of her father?"

"Yes; when she hears him called a villain, as every body does call him, she takes on dreadfully and says he was a good father to her once, and she will love him now for what he has been. Women are always fools about these matters, you know."

"And Tinsley?"

"Oh, he must indulge his pretty wife, of course, and would swear that the old rascal was an angel if it would only win a smile from her. They say he even painted a portrait of him from memory, and, savage as the old rascal is, made him look quite amiable. They sold every thing else when they were starving, but they wouldn't part with that."

A loud sob burst from the overcharged bosom of farmer Bly; he leaned for a moment against a tree and then hurried forward with almost the bound of a boy.

"He, he! ha, ha, ha!" The laugh was smothered, but it evidently came from a very merry heart. And oh, what a face was that peering above the clump of dog-wood bushes! Rug Raffles had never looked so entirely convulsed with mirth before.

"I've done him! I've done him! The old fox is fast in the trap! Hurra! hurra! Hip, hip, hurra! The birds don't know any thing or they'd split their throats a hurraing and a laughing. Aint I a public benefactor!—no; this time I'm a private one; and shouldn't have let the right hand know what the left one did, only that they had to talk to each other. I should like to know who could do the thing up neater. Pretty well for you Rug Raffles. Come to trick, Miss Tinsley, I reckon I'll just take back that coat. You don't seem to need it at all just now. Ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have believed that he would nibble the bait so soon, the old fox; though I gave him two or three pretty tough morsels, to be sure. He couldn't get round that comin down of the family; it hurt his feelings. Ah, that's the dagger that I stabbed him with. That 'went to the vitals,' as the saying is. And then I come it over him with the soft. Lucky enough that I heard about that picture; that was what did him at last—hurra! Hurra for fun and Rug Raffles! I'll trick dame Gaskill into making the coat, I will. As though a man was any the worse for an empty pocket! She to say it too, the old owl! I'll trick her!" and down sat generous Rug Raffles to devote an hour of his precious time to the prudent Mrs. Gaskill.

It was a bright afternoon, and Arthur Tinsley sat up in his bed, leaning against an inverted chair. His wife, as ever, was by his side and bending over him with mingled anxiety and tenderness.

"I should like some paints, Nelly, if you can get them," he said in an earnest tone.

"I will try, dear; but you mustn't worry if I am two or three days about it. This hand is not very strong and it must not busy itself too soon. When you are well again, I have a grand scheme for you."

The invalid smiled faintly, and then in a tone of touching tenderness, answered, "I shall never be well till the sod is over my bosom, Nelly. I see how all this is to end; I am growing weaker and weaker every day, but there is one thing that I must do—I cannot die till it is done. There is but one face for me in the wide universe—if the angels in Heaven do not have it, I cannot love them. I must paint your face and take it into the grave with me."

"You cannot die—Arthur, you cannot die! The doctor said you would get well if I could only make you happy. Won't you be happy with me Arthur?"

"We will both be happy when we have gone home to heaven, Nelly; but here, never. Nothing has ever prospered with us since the day of our marriage."

"We have loved each other."

"Ah, overwhelmingly. It has been thy curse, my Nelly, and when I am gone—"

A tremendous knock at the door, and the remainder of the sentence hung suspended on the invalid's tongue, while dame Gaskill's head bobbed out of the window, and was as quickly withdrawn.

"Old farmer Bly, as I live! Don't be in a flurry, children! Oh! oh! I'm a most scared out of my senses. Don't you open the door, Nelly; I'm afraid he has come for no good—wait a bit, wait a bit, child; I'd better open it myself. Lud-a-marcy! she has no fear of anything."

"Nelly drew the latch-string tremblingly; her cheek was flushed, but her head erect. The first glance was enough, for the rough manly face was full of eloquence."

"My father?"

The old man's arms were outspread, and the trembling daughter nestled in them like a wearied dove.

"The old house is desolate, Nelly; I cannot live there alone any longer, and you must come back to me. What, tears? You didn't cry when I shut the door in your face to drown what you were saying of your dead baby. But I didn't shut out your voice, I heard it day and night—day and night, in the house and in the field—I couldn't get rid of it anywhere. Don't cry any more, Nelly—don't cry! your tears make my heart ache. If you had told me that the boy's name was Harry—only told me, I might—but I don't know, I'm an old tiger. Will you come and live with me, Nelly?"

The daughter raised her flushed face from the pillowing bosom and pointed to the bed.

"Yes, darling; bring him with you; the house is big enough for all of us. He stole my only child, but—well, it is natural—it is natural! They say he is dying, too, but we will not let him. Money gives skill to the doctors; and you shall both be well and happy. These pretty cheeks of yours must get some fulness and colour. Nelly Bly can't be an invalid, nor—nor—curses on those who have said it—a pauper! And now, Nelly, darling, bring me the picture that poor Arthur Tinsley painted, and you wouldn't part with when you were starving. Ah, you did love your old father after all, though you left him for a stranger. That almost broke my heart, and it was the heart-break which made a savage of me; but—but you were right, and Arthur Tinsley is a noble fellow. He loved you when your own flesh and blood cast you off."

"He, he! ha, ha, ha!" No one in dame Gaskill's cottage heard the laugh or saw the shaggy round head peering through the open window, with the eyes set corner-wise, and the lips drawn up, displaying an immense gash recognisable by all who had ever seen it, as the mouth of Rug Raffles.

"Ha, ha, ha! Hurra! hurra for fun and Rug Raffles! Taste again old fox! Two such strawberries don't grow on every stem. Ha, ha! Mistress pretty-lips, I'll just take that coat."—*Columbian Magazine.*

LAST HOURS OF LAMAN BLANCHARD.

BY E. BULWER LYTTON.

Mr. Blanchard was engaged in the editorship of the *Courier*, and his political articles were of considerable value to the party he espoused; although free from the acerbity and the personalities which the warfare of journalism rarely fails to engender.

A change of proprietorship and of politics in that newspaper occasioned Mr. Blanchard's retirement, and necessitated the loss of an income, for him considerable. His services to the Whigs, then in office, had been sufficient to justify a strong appeal in his behalf for some small appointment. The appeal, though urged with all zeal by one who had himself some claims on the government, was unsuccessful. The fact really is, that governments, at present, have little among their subordinate patronage, to bestow upon men whose abilities are not devoted to a profession. The man of letters is like a stray joint in a boy's puzzle; he fits into no place. Let the partisan but have taken orders—let him but have eaten a sufficient number of dinners at the inns of court—and livings, and chapels, and stalls, and assistant-barrister-ships, and commissioner-ships, and colonial appointments, can reward his services and prevent his starving. But for the author there is nothing but his pen, till that and life are worn to the stump; and then, with good fortune, perhaps on his death-bed he receives a pension—and equals, it may be, for a few months, the income of a retired butler!

And so, on the sudden loss of the situation in which he had frittered away his higher and more delicate genius, in all the drudgery that a party exacts from its defender of the press, Laman Blanchard was thrown again upon the world, to shift as he might and subsist as he could. His practice in periodical writing was now considerable; his versatility was extreme. He was marked by publishers and editors as a useful contributor, and so his livelihood was secure. From a variety of sources thus he contrived, by constant waste of intellect and strength, to eke out his income, and insinuate rather than force his place amongst his contemporary penmen. And uncomplainingly and with patient industry, he toiled on, seeming farther and farther from the happy leisure, in which "the something to verify promise was to be completed."

No time had he for profound reading, for lengthened works, for the mature development of the conceptions of a charming fancy. He had given hostages to Fortune. He had a wife and four children, and no income but that which he had from week to week. The grist must be ground, and the wheel revolve.

All the struggles, all the toils, all the weariness of brain, nerve, and head, which a man undergoes in this career, are imperceptible even to his friends—almost to himself; he has no time to be ill, to be fatigued; his spirit has no holiday; it is all school-work. And thus generally, we find in such men that the break-up of constitution seems sudden and unlooked for. The causes of disease and decay have been long laid; but they are smothered beneath the lively appearances of constrained industry and forced excitement.

Laman Blanchard was now passed forty. He had been twenty-two years at his vocation; it was evident that a man of letters he must continue to the last. At this time, in February, 1844, his wife,—to whom he remained as tenderly attached as ever, was seized with an attack of paralysis (her illness terminating fatally); was constantly subject to fits; and the mind was weakened with the body. A disease of this kind has something contagious for susceptible temperaments; they grow excitable in the excitement they seek to soothe. Those who saw most of my poor friend began to perceive that a change was at work within him. Naturally of the most cheerful habits, especially with those who knew him best, his spirits now failed him, and were subject to deep depression. His friends, on calling suddenly at his house, have found him giving way to tears and vehement grief without apparent cause. In mixed society he would strive to rally—sometimes with success—sometimes utterly in vain. He has been obliged to quit the room, to give way to emotions which

seemed to rise spontaneously, unexcited by what passed around him, except as it jarred, undetected by others, upon the irritable chords within. In short, the nerves, so long overtasked, were giving way. In the long and gallant struggle with circumstances, the work of toil told when the hour of grief came.

Still, to the public he wore the mask—which authors wear unto the grave. Still were his writings as full of pleasant amenity, and quiet and ready grace. Still, for the lovers of light literature, the bloom was as fresh as ever upon the fruits of his jaded fancy and grieving heart. Several of his friends—-anxious from what they heard or saw, that he should change the scene—pressed him to visit them in the country. Though far from aware of his actual state,—for owing to absence from London, I had not seen him for many months,—I, amongst the rest, wrote to offer himself and his family the use of a house which belonged to me, within a few miles of town. If I subjoin his answer, it is not I hope and trust, to parade any evidence of the kindly intentions which were not only shared, but much more actively and usefully evinced, by many others. but to show how Blanchard's grateful nature led him to overrate the friendship and affection he excited, and also how much of firm but modest independence of spirit accompanied his gentle qualities.

"Union Place, Monday."

"MY DEAR SIR EDWARD,—I have had so many causes to thank you that I ought to know how, but do not, for that reason among others. Circumstances render this new token of your sympathy and generous thought for me precious and sweet beyond expression, and likely to be so as long as I am able to remember kindness at all. My wife is imperceptibly gaining ground in point of bodily strength, and is not at least in danger; but the brain is weakened, and the nervous irritation so great that I am kept in constant fever and alarm, and disabled from meeting the pen-and-ink calls upon me (which return weekly and monthly), but with much mental distress. We dare not think of moving her either by railway or carriage at present, as the least jar would be extremely perilous; and I can only stay here patiently and take comfort in the grateful remembrance of your offer. As for your other hint,*—if anything could make me perfectly ashamed to be influenced by false delicacies in respect to such kindness, it is the manner in which you offer aid; and feeling how much of true kindness often consists in the manner of rendering it, I would not, impressed as I am, hesitate one instant if I saw a decided end to be answered. It would be in the spirit of ingratitude and selfishness, too, not to accept were it desirable. This, however, is not the case; though I will not deny that some of the excitement under which L**** saw me labouring was produced by a shameful money claim, of which I did not dream, starting up after five years, on behalf of an acquaintance—not a large amount, by any means, but it is the third I have had, and as exasperating as if it were greater. My follies of that kind at least are ended."

"There is your other letter—the views in which I have been thinking over in connexion with the previous suggestions. All, be assured, will assist me greatly; but a little delay as to the plan has been needful, and in my past state of mind, I have not been sorry to postpone a beginning. But I must trouble you with a statement before I do begin. For that, and all, believe me constantly and deeply grateful to you."

"LAMAR BLANCHARD."

But he seems now to have been haunted with an uneasy, restless notion that his literary connexions required constant care, and would brook no absence. His chief occupation was on the newspaper of the *Examiner*; and though in reality all the work was smoothed for him, the phantom of unreal work haunted the working man. So long had he toiled that the image of toil literally dogged him. He chafed out schemes, more numerous, and even more ambitious, than any in which he had before indulged. Amongst the rest he meditated a work upon the boyhood and youth of eminent men, on which he wrote to consult me, and for which I ransacked my memory to supply him with anecdotes and illustrations. He passed whole days—even weeks—without stirring abroad, writing and grieving, as it were, together. It was thus engaged—his pen in his hand—that on Saturday, Dec 14th, his wife was seized with one of her habitual fits. He carried her to her room in his arms, and sat up with her that night; about ten o'clock on the following evening he left home, and called at the house of a near relative, but stayed only a few moments, observing that the light and the fire in the room were too much for him. This was the first symptom of a peculiar malady which was doubtless connected with his whole state of health. From that time he could not bear to sit near a fire, or in a room more than partially lighted. On his way home, and within a short distance of his door, he was attacked by what appeared to him paralysis, but which his medical attendant traced to congestion of the brain. He was stricken nearly speechless, and one side of his body became insensible. With much difficulty he succeeded in making a humane passenger aware of his state, and the man led him home. He thought himself on the threshold of death; but with a strong self-possession, connected with his literary habits, he set at once to work to destroy some papers which he did not wish preserved. Feeling impressed with the idea that he had but a few hours to live, he took a farewell of his children, and left to his eldest son his last instructions. He then said that he should die happily, and at peace with all; that he did not think he should leave behind him a single enemy. After this, he desired to be left alone, and, by the help of anodynes skilfully prescribed, fell into a deep sleep. During that sleep his wife died.

When he awoke the next morning, apparently recovered, and calm and collected, the mournful intelligence was gently broken to him. He bore it better than they expected, but his composure was perhaps exhaustion. To his brother-in-law, Mr. James Keymer, whose affectionate anxiety for him had been unremitting, he, perhaps unconsciously, revealed more of his heart than his tranquil demeanor showed. Alluding to his own seizure the night before, he said emphatically, "I have tasted the bitterness of death. I have known what it is to die." His friends were deceived by his composure into the hope that, now he was relieved from the painful suspense his wife's illness had occasioned, the worst was over, and that his cheerful temperament would soon return. "But from that time," observes his brother-in-law, "he altered greatly." Up to the date of Mrs. Blanchard's funeral his spirits fluctuated. There is something in the following letter, written to a most intimate and long-trying friend, that is the more touching from its mixture of business with grief—from its half-yearning towards the wonted literary occupation, and the manly desire to struggle on, which glimmers through the evident prostration of nerve and spirit.

"MY DEAR — My heart is very full. You will imagine, and do, all that is within me. I have been in some danger from four nights' want of rest and spectacles of pain, and had two medical men sent for in the night; but

* In allusion to a request that he would not let any temporary pecuniary difficulties add to his anxieties.

† Respecting a literary enterprise.

it is past, being but excess of nervous affection which looked paralytic. God, to whom I have prayed fervently, gives me strength now, and after some needful arrangement I shall be able to attend to the Paper, [*The Examiner*] and feel that I may be relieved by it. I shall have some help in doing it. On Saturday I shall be obliged to leave you all, as the funeral could not be postponed. Until you hear further, think that I shall be able to go on. I pray so, and in my soul thank and bless you always. "L. B."

I must add to this another letter written by Blanchard to the same friend, about a fortnight before his death. It was called forth by hearing of that friend's severe illness, and of a domestic calamity which had visited him; and shows how, amidst his own sufferings, he could sympathize with those of others. From many letters that are before me I select these, as the most affecting and beautiful illustrations I could offer of the state of my poor friend's mind in the period immediately before his death, and of that sensitive tender disposition which so firmly held its ground, while all else was tottering around it. The unsteady, almost illegible, character of the handwriting is in itself touching evidence of the condition of the writer.

"Monday."

"MY DEAR — Of my own illness I can give you a better report, having had some sleep, which abates the palpitation. But for you, my dear friend, I was sorely distressed, and surprised too, hoping and believing that no further physical calamity was added to your mental misery. I pray for good news of this new torment; and trust me, that will help me at the same time to much comfort. It is all a dream to me that I cannot see and talk to you a little at this season, if but to tell you how I share your sorrow for the loss of a person to whom now I feel the force of those attachments which generally require long and constant intimacy to cement. But with your brother I can truly say I seem to have held such intimacy, and the reason is, that at the first I liked him. I saw (we are quick to find this out) that he liked me. So that, apart from your own trouble, I have thought a hundred times with tenderness and commiseration upon his fate, and shall cherish the recollection of him for his sake as for yours. This grieves me a little too much to proceed, with what is indeed needless, for you know well my feelings, if any one does. After all, the sympathies that unite a few, and very few, friends together as we with others are united sweeten life at its worst. And this, in the kindness of friends, I am feeling as I know you are at this moment. Strange that nothing seems real to me but the details of the paper, which, difficult as they are, relieve me; and I hardly know what I should do without the task. And now send me a better report, and believe me ever yours, in all seasons."

"L. BLANCHARD."

His eyesight was now much affected, and he was prevailed upon to call in Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson; that eminent physician, whose experience has made him deeply conversant with the ailments of literary men, saw at once the true prescription—Rest. He enjoined total abstinence from intellectual labor. But the physician perhaps had been summoned too late. For that very night the patient was haunted by a kind of vision or phantasma, which he described at once as gorgeous and grotesque—an Arabian Night scene—no doubt the spectre of a brain already fearfully disordered. He rallied for a few hours the following day, but at night his depression returned. Violent fits of hysteria came on. His brother-in-law sat up with him, and heard him say frequently, "I am a maimed wretch both in body and mind—pray for me." He was haunted too all this while with the fear of some strange and terrible fit, and besought his kind attendant, if it came on, to leave him—"You could not bear," he said, "to see it."

Again he rallied with the morning, and became even gay and cheerful; still as throughout all that week, he was disturbed by the recollection that he had taskwork which he was unable to perform. In vain all had been arranged for him; his aid dispensed with in the journal from which he drew his main support. He had grown so accustomed to the weekly battle, that he seemed to fancy it could not be fought without him.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon, Friday, hysterics came on with great vehemence; he raved, foamed at the mouth. It required several persons to hold him down. On the visit of his usual medical attendant he recovered, but the reaction left him completely exhausted. Towards night he thought that he could sleep. He dismissed his family to bed, and bade them affectionately good night. A kind-hearted woman who had attended Mrs. Blanchard on her last illness, now officiated as nurse to himself. He requested her to remain in the next room, within hearing of his knock on the wall, if he should want her. His youngest boy, since his illness, had slept constantly with him. The nurse had not retired five minutes before she heard his signal. On going to him, he said, "You had better not leave me; I feel a strong desire to throw myself out of the window." The poor woman, who had rather consulted her heart than her experience in the office she had undertaken, lost her presence of mind in the alarm which these words occasioned; she hurried out of the room, in order to call up the eldest son. She had scarcely reached the staircase, when she heard a shriek and a heavy fall. Hastening back she found her master on the floor bathed in blood. In the interval between her quitting the room and her return (scarce a minute) the unhappy sufferer, who had in vain sought a protection against his own delirious impulse, had sprung from his bed, wrested himself from the grasp of his child beside him. . . . in the almost total darkness of the room, found his way, with the sleepwalker's or maniac's instinct, to his razor, and was dead when the nurse raised him in her arms. This occurred about one o'clock on the Saturday morning, the 15th of February,

In the *Courier des Etats Unis* of Saturday last, we find the following article under the head of

CURIOUS SURGICAL EXPERIMENTS MADE BY DOCTORS WASHINGTON, DETMOLD, BARRABINO, TRUDEAU, ETC; ACCLAMATIONS IN FAVOR OF THE EAU BROCCIERI.

Among the numerous physicians who have been witnesses in Europe to M. Brocchieri's experiments, and who have given him authentic attestation of their results, we have mentioned the name and published the certificate of Doctor Napoleon Barrabino, who in 1839 was attached to the American ship of war *Delaware* as Surgeon. This gentleman is now Surgeon Major of the *North Carolina* lying at the navy yard Brooklyn, having been informed of the discussion which had arisen regarding the *Eau Broccieri*, he did us the honor of calling upon us last Wednesday, and during this visit he verbally confirmed all he had stated in his certificate, and being desirous, as we ourselves are of proving that he had not inconsiderately or from complaisance, signed this certificate, he offered to us to prove and to the conviction of the most incredulous, the marvellous hemostatic effects of the *eau Broccieri*

which a hundred experiments made by him, had rendered manifest and indubitable.

Doctors Washington and Detmold having been informed of Doctor Barrabino's offer, invited him together with ourselves, through Doctor Trudeau, to be present at some experiments they were about to make. In consequence of this obliging invitation, Doctor Barrabino repaired the day before yesterday to Doctor Detmold's dissecting room in Mercer street, where the experiments were to take place. Their principal object was not to prove the hemostatic virtues of the *Eau Brocchieri*, which had been fully ascertained in previous experiments by Doctors Washington and Detmold, as those gentlemen informed us; the question was to test the truth of the assertion advanced by Dr. Mott and others, that the same effects might be obtained from the use of cold water and the styptics generally employed. In addition to the four eminent physicians and surgeons already mentioned, several other physicians and many medical students were present during the experiments. Dr. Washington commenced by opening the carotid artery of a sheep, and applied to the wound a plug, or pledget, of wadding saturated with *Eau Brocchieri*. Dr. Barrabino immediately gave it, as his opinion, that the operation would fail, seeing, as he said, that success depended altogether upon the mode of proceeding. From all the numerous experiments he had made he was convinced that the lint used ought to be composed of detached threads of linen, such as is generally employed in Europe, and not of wadding of which American lint is made, for the *Eau Brocchieri* should constantly be reaching the wound by infiltration and percolation. "The wadding which you are using," said Dr. Barrabino, "when once saturated, forms an opaque substance like that of paper in pulp (*papier mache*). He went on to observe that it was an error to attribute the hemostatic virtues to pressure by the hand or bandage, that, on the contrary, no pressure, no bandage, was required, excepting to sustain the lint in its position. During this explanation, to which every one listened with lively interest, twenty minutes had elapsed, and it was ascertained, as Dr. Barrabino had foreseen, that the operation was but partially successful. Dr. Washington then applied one of the most powerful astringents of the pharmacopœia, the leaf of the *matco*, which completely failed. At last he had recourse to a new styptic, recently much extolled by a scientific Frenchman, the infusion of *ergot*, which he applied to the carotid artery of the same sheep, and endeavoured to stop the bleeding by the application of cold water only; but, in about twenty minutes, his efforts proved unavailable, and he himself candidly acknowledged it, saying "I give up cold water." Dr. Barrabino was then requested to make an attempt with the *Eau Brocchieri*, on the same animal. At first he hesitated, because there remained only a phial and a half of it (about six ounces) and because there was no proper lint at hand. However, he made the experiment at all hazards, but instead of using the American lint, he cut off some wool from the back of the animal which he substituted for it, and notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances under which it was undertaken, this application succeeded in completely stopping the hemorrhage in less than 29 minutes. Not only was the hemorrhage stopped, but Dr. Barrabino and Dr. Trudeau, who performed the experiment with him, could perceive the action, as prompt as it was remarkable, of the hemostatic liquid upon the blood, the fibrine of which was instantaneously coagulated, as also its effects upon the surrounding wound, which assumed a most favourable aspect from the detersive action of the liquid which had fallen on them. The operators also made all present observe that they had used no pressure whatsoever upon the wool they had employed as lint. This wool was adhered so strongly to the wounded flesh, that they apprehended some accident would ensue, when the time came for removing it, but the carotid artery, in which there were two incisions, was so solidly closed that no fresh hemorrhage took place. The sheep was then unbound, placed on the floor, and in half an hour it walked about and ate. Unanimous hurrahs welcomed this triumph of the *Eau Brocchieri*, which was so unexpected under such unfavourable circumstances.

At the same instant, Dr. Washington announced that he had just succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage in his sheep, by the infusion of *ergot*. This was really the fact, but in ten minutes the hemorrhage burst forth again, and the sheep at last died in convulsions. A wag present, exclaimed, pointing to the two experiments, and at the opposite results of their exertions, "We have Washington there, but here stands Napoleon!" This joke caused a hearty laugh.

Among the numerous facts which attest the marvellous hemostatic virtues of the *Eau Brocchieri*, Dr. Detmold related the following, which is not devoid of interest: There is at present in New York a child whose blood and physical constitution is of such a nature that the slightest tap will leave a black mark on its skin, as if from a contusion; the smallest scratch will make it bleed, and the hemorrhage once commenced, is stopped with difficulty. An hemorrhage of this nature declared itself within the last few days. The family having vainly employed all the usual styptics, had recourse to the *Eau Brocchieri*, which had the most prompt and efficient results.

MARRIED.—At Brooklyn, on the 20th inst., Walter M. Rockwell to Jane E. Merry of New York.

DIED.—In Brooklyn, on the 20th inst., aged 14 months, John Hutchinson son of Matthew and Mary Jane Mottram, of Sheffield, Eng.

At East Brooklyn, on the 17th inst., Hipsebeth, wife of George W. Bloom, aged 41 years, 2 months and 26 days.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 81-2 a 83 4 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1846.

The Ships *Iowa* and *Liberty* have brought our files up to the 13th ult. and the intelligence is of so startling a nature that we have kept back our journal till the latest possible hour, in hopes of learning more through the Mail Steamer. In this we have been disappointed; the Steamer has not yet arrived.

It was fully expected that Parliament was to meet very early, and that the Corn Law question was to be definitely disposed of, by considerably modifying the existing laws thereon, or by their abrogation altogether. It seems however that the Duke of Wellington, on further consideration was moved, either by notions of political consistency, or by reflection that as he carried in his pocket a majority of the votes in the Lords, in the shape of proxies, he might, by using these proxies in favor of the new measure, be taking on himself a responsibility and be committing others, to a larger extent than he deemed it

prudent to adopt. He therefore stayed away from the last meeting of the Privy Council, and the Premier, being conscious that without the concurrence and coöperation of the Duke the intended liberal measures must inevitably fail, being conscious also, that the time had arrived when an essential modification of the Corn Laws must be entered into, had no other alternative than resignation. Accordingly the resignation of all the Conservative ministry was tendered to Her Majesty; it was accepted, and the Queen has commanded Lord John Russell to form a new administration.

Sir Robert Peel has made an honest stand in this matter, and should he not be joined in the new administration he will retire with the honour and respect of his successors, and of the people of the British Empire. He must have been sensible of that of which the world at large has long been convinced,—that the days of the absurd Corn Laws were numbered, and that the food-prospects of the country rendered it a favorable opportunity to do with grace that which must in the end be yielded. We laud and respect consistency, both as a virtue in itself, and as an admirable guiding cause of action, but inveterate consistency is only obstinacy, indicating that there cannot be any convictions against old received and adopted opinions. Sir Robert is not an inconsistent man, though he changes his notions as new phases of men and things impel him, and what is the use of argument and oratory if we are for ever to retain the first impressions? The Duke is sagacious, perfectly honest in thought and expression, and possesses a large share of public confidence;—but the Duke is a man, an old man, and is not infallible. We know that he can err, for it was his mistake which hastened the Reform Bill, and we fear that we are now touching upon his mistake the second.

Should a ministry be formed under Lord John Russell, the entire abolition of the Corn Laws will be struggled for; his Lordship and Lord Morpeth stand pledged to it, as indeed do many more of influential parliamentary character; but it will fail in both houses as at present constituted; probably the new minister will find it necessary to send the Commons back to their constituents, and with a new House of Commons, the strong voice of the people, and the weight of the Crown, pressing on the upper house, it will be effected.

At the period of a general change of ministers and measures, the general conflict and mixture of matters turns often to results never thought of at the beginning. The three weeks that elapsed between the sailing of the *Liberty* and of the Mail Steamer, may have witnessed many strange results, such as no one at this distance could well suppose: we give, therefore, all the news that we could bring together thus far, and suspend our thoughts on the whole till more light be thrown on this important crisis.

The latest news from Mexico is interesting, and according to present appearance may require some attention on the part of the United States Government to provide against a possible collision of an unfriendly nature. Another revolution is on foot in Mexico, that land of revolutions. Paredes, who expelled Santa Anna, does not like the peaceful disposition of his successor Herrera, particularly as regards the Annexation of Texas to the United States, which disposal sits heavily on his mind. He is therefore inclined to push Herrera from his Presidential chair, and to awaken Mexico to a full sense of the wrong which he believes her to have suffered.

In the meantime Mr. Slidell, having been sent to Mexico in quality of minister plenipotentiary from the United States, to settle the boundaries on the Mexican side of the new State of Texas, and, as it is reported, to negotiate for the purchase of California by his government, finds great difficulty in being received there in his ministerial capacity. The Mexican government considers all political and diplomatic relations as suspended with regard to the United States, and will only consent to receive Mr. Slidell as a Commissioner from hence, for certain special purposes, and the interposition of Paredes at this juncture threatens to render his duties there of no avail. Such is the state of things there at present; we shall probably learn more in a post or two.

INCENDIARY FIRES!—It is a positive fact that a Boston journal was so credulous as to report, and many other journals there and elsewhere to indorse, or at least to repeat, that there were "Six incendiary fires in Boston between Saturday night and 3 A. M. of Sunday" week.—Can it be believed that the social state in the United States, or in Boston itself, is so depraved that six incendiary fires shall take place in one city in a single night? It is preposterous, and contrary to both reason and experience. But what shall we say to those who so readily believe this nonsense, and tell it to the world to the shame of their country and its institutions? These things are the result of most culpable negligence, and the conductors of the Press would be much better employed in devising means of prevention, than in the mere blazoning of the facts—supposing them to be such.

* * BALL OF THE "YOUNG CAMBRIANS."—The children of the Cymri will not forget that the gathering together of kindred Welsh souls is at hand. The Soirée will take place, we would remind them, on Tuesday evening next at the Minerva Rooms, 406 Broadway. A good name, by the bye, that of "Minerva" for that of a temple of festivity, and will suffice to give a hint "to be merry and wise."

"THE NATIONAL PRESS."—We perceive with great satisfaction that our respected contemporary, G. P. Morris, Esq., in retiring from "The Mirror,"—the subject of his lucubrations through many a year, and source of delight to many thousands of readers,—does not retire from conducting in the Public Press. His prospectus is before us, in which he announces the publication, on and after the 15th Feb. next, of a weekly Periodical, dedicated to Literature, the Fine Arts, and General Intelligence, and to have the title of "The Na-

tional Press." It were idle here to dwell on the numerous good qualities of our friend, both as an author and as a citizen; his thousands of friends are well cognisant of these, and we therefore anticipate for his new undertaking abundant success.

EXCELSIOR—The second number of this highly illustrated and tasteful periodical, published every fortnight, was issued on Saturday last. It is under the editorial charge of Chas. F. Hoffman, Esq., and the illustrations are from the hands of Mr. Hewitt, well known in the world of arts. The letter-press is of an excellent literary character, and the embellishments are, if possible, superior to those in the previous number. The work is destined, or we are much mistaken, to take a permanent and favorable hold of public regard.

A Proclamation has been issued by President Polk declaring the port of Lewiston, in the collection district of Niagara, New York, entitled to all the privileges extended to the other ports enumerated by the seventh section of the Drawback Act, of last session, from and after the date of this proclamation.

Fine Arts.

DEATH OF HENRY INMAN, THE DISTINGUISHED ARTIST.

The world of the Fine Arts in this hemisphere has sustained a loss not easily supplied, in the death of Henry Inman, an artist of whom any country might well be proud. Although for many years his time has been chiefly occupied in portrait painting, in which he made the living subjects of his art to live a second time on canvass, yet he has been successful in no ordinary degree, in the miniature counterfeit of landscape, and has revelled in the imaginary scenes of grouping, both of the dignified and of the humorous kind. His pictures, all emanations of genius executed with a master hand, will ever be ornaments of art, and will be the cherished gems of his countrymen.

But not merely as an artist was Mr. Inman respected by all who were favored with his acquaintance; he was a scholar, a wit, a gentleman, and possessed a large fund of benevolence of heart. He returned no long time since, rich with increased experience, after visiting works of art in Europe, and with the prospect of a brilliant career before him; but an affection of the heart was fatal to him, and he expired on Saturday last, at the age of 44 years.

It was sad, yet it was consolatory to the feelings of bereaved friends, to witness the procession of the obsequies in honour of his remains. The entire body of members of the Academy of Design and the pupils thereof, were assembled, members of the Press, private friends, amateurs and patrons of Art, and a large assemblage of the I. O. of O. F., of which he had been a member, all tended to swell the amount of sympathisers in the loss which this city and country have sustained. We learn that although the deceased had neglected, through a carelessness too common with Genius, to pay his subscriptions as a member of the last-named society, no sooner was his death known than the members of the "National Lodge, No. 30" immediately voted a handsome donation in testimony of their esteem and regret; and the members of the National Academy of Design were instant in their active expressions of sympathy.

At a meeting of the members of the National Academy of Design, held on the 19th inst., a Committee was appointed consisting of the following gentlemen:—T. S. Cummings, James Lennox, F. W. Edmonds, A. Cozzens, J. J. Mapes, C. M. Leupp, W. C. Bryant, J. Sturges, D. Huntington, Chas. Hoffman, J. Buckham, A. B. Durand, R. B. Fosdick, to carry into effect an Exhibition of the works of the late Henry Inman, for the benefit of the widow and family of the deceased. The committee held their first meeting at the residence of Mr. Cummings, his former pupil and friend, No. 50 Walker Street, on Thursday evening last.

. We have just been favoured with the sight of a Portrait executed by Mr. Wenzler, the artist who painted the exquisite No. 9 in the last exhibition at the Academy, and which caused so strong an expression of admiration in all who examined it. It is a full face of a gentleman well known in this city, and Mr. Wenzler has therein exhibited the peculiar faculty of making clear the lineaments *en profile* of a countenance directly in front. Connoisseurs would be gratified by calling on him at his studio, No. 16 Bond Street.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—The second Concert of the present Season (the fourth) took place on Saturday evening last at the Apollo Saloon; a peculiar musical treat was expected, and, although the night was exceedingly stormy, the room was completely filled half an hour before the concert commenced, and was even the most fashionable in appearance of any that we remember. The performance commenced with that most favorite of Beethoven's symphonies, the celebrated one in C minor, which, although it has been played so frequently as to be altogether familiar to musical ears, never flags in the interest it communicates, and all the members of the orchestra are so much at home in it, that there is hardly a chance of a failure in executing it, except through sheer carelessness—a fault from which this Society is eminently exempt. We have so frequently had occasion to descant on its "argument" and qualities, that we may well be spared the repetition now; but we shall observe that it was never played better than upon this occasion. This took up the entire "First part" of the concert.

The second part was opened with a grand characteristic overture, the composition of that tasteful and well-skilled musician, Mr. Geo. Loder of this city. It was intended to portray, in musical language, Marmion the celebrated hero of Scott's noblest poem; and the composer spread his view over Marmion the man, not merely Marmion the hero of Flodden Field; he has therefore

entered into the several incidents of Marmion's life, and the various passages take their tone therefrom. It is really a masterly composition and was received with the most enthusiastic applause, as it indeed most richly deserved. As it will doubtless be soon called for again, it will add not a little to the intelligence of the hearer to know the current of the composer's ideas in preparing it; we have therefore requested of Mr. Loder to supply us with "the argument," and he has been so obliging as to set down as follows:—

"Although an Overture to the Poem, it must not be considered as following in a melo-dramatic manner every phase of incident, but as rather suggestive of the natural train of thought connected with the recollection of masses of incidents. The egotism of the hero, which shows itself throughout the entire work, I have endeavoured to shadow by the reiteration of the first subject, which is worked throughout the entire composition.

"The first movement commences with a bold succession of chords sustained by a rapid tremolando bass movement, which immediately falls into a mournful subject suggestive of the torment of mind of Marmion, connected with the fate of Constance; this same subject is reiterated at the close of the overture, when Marmion, dying at the Field of Flodden, his thoughts again refer to her, when Clare tells him that "she died at Holy Isle" he springs up in agony and dies in frenzied delirium.

"The second movement is in six four time commencing with rapid violin passages, which intermingle with a bold subject picturing the knightly demeanour and prowess of the bold Marmion. After working this subject it gradually subsides and a flowing movement of graceful character, introduces the voyage of the Abbess and her Nuns to Holy Isle, the mournful thoughts of Clare, and the strange delight of the cloistered maids at every new object that strikes their view; this movement gradually gives place to the horrible scene in the subterranean vaults of the Island Monastery, when, in the deep silence of the night, the heavy boom of the passing bell is heard so far and wide that

"The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell
Spread his broad nostril to the wind,
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couched him down beside the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that sound, so dull and stern."

"These double subjects are then worked together for the remainder of the Overture, a fugue movement describing the midnight combat with De Wilton, the overthrow of his antagonist, his confusion of mind, and the rapid and vigorous close of the poem, when the genius of the poet "bursts forth in full lustre, and even transcends itself."

Mr. Timm next played a beautiful concerto, by Hummil, with full orchestral accompaniment. We have always considered this artist as one of first rate talent and taste, and on this occasion we were well pleased to find our notion confirmed by acclamation. We are not about to make comparisons or to hint disparagements, but we may well say that after we have experienced the admiration and surprise which De Mayer's wonderful execution is calculated to produce, it is good to turn to the sweetness, grace, and accuracy which flow from the hands of Timm. This concerto was a thing to charm and to enrapture the musical ear.

The next performance was a Quintetto with orchestral accompaniments for five wind instruments, composed by Lindpainter. The points in this composition were well taken up, and the performance gave much pleasure but it was somewhat too long. The principals were Messrs. Kyle (Flute), Weiss (Oboe), Stark (Clarinet), Trosjii (Corno), and Reiff (Fagotte), all of whom ably sustained their well earned celebrity.

Mr. Burke then played a Concerto on the Violin, composed by De Beriot, and having full orchestral accompaniment. The progress made by this young artist in a comparatively short time is actually wonderful, and he riveted the attention of both professional and amateur musicians from the beginning to the last note of his performance. It was perhaps the most difficult of all De Beriot's compositions, and might well have been passed by, by so young a violinist, but Burke was aware of his capabilities, and went through it with an accuracy and spirit altogether surprising.

The Concert concluded with a "Concert Overture" by Reisinger, an excellent composition but somewhat noisy, fitted however for the final piece of a musical performance. By the bye, we must express our satisfaction at the spirited course adopted by our best conductors in New York. It has too long been the remorseless custom for whole bodies of audience to rise as soon as the last piece is begun, and by their retiring to cause a complete disturbance, regardless of the feelings or wishes of those who sit still. Messrs. Loder and Hill have had the firmness to make a stand against this, and we doubt not that, hereafter, either the retirement will take place immediately after the penultimate performance or that the parties will sit out the last, as good taste would seem to dictate.

Notwithstanding the Concert was entirely instrumental, we do not believe that one in the room found it either heavy or tedious. The next will take place on Saturday evening, March 7th.

MADAME LAZARE'S CONCERT.—This fine harpist will give a Concert on Tuesday evening next at Niblo's Saloon; we trust it will be well attended, for the lady well deserves it.

NEW MUSIC.—Messrs. Ferrett & Co., 237 Broadway, have just published a choice selection of Music from Balfe's opera of "The Daughter of St. Marks," consisting of the following seven pieces, viz., "Oh, what hopes," a Song, "There's sun-light in Heaven," a Serenade, "When all around our path is dreary," a Song, "The Wedding," an extract from a chorus in the opera, "Since that first happy day," a Song, "Now Time has prov'd thee false," a Song, and "Be this moment the brightest," a Duet. This selection is neatly

and correctly printed with music types, on fine paper, and most pleasingly legible; and the price of the whole is only twenty-five cents. This is indeed a revolution in the music market.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The celebrated Cibber edition of Richard III., as altered from Shakspeare, has now been acted night after night for nearly three weeks, and must be played to-night for the last time until the Spring, as the Kears can no longer delay their progress towards the South. It has had a most brilliant run, and its fate would be that of many a standard Drama, if proper means were taken to make it attractive in the *mise en scene* and in casting the parts. We remain exactly in our old faith and opinion with regard to the beauties and defects of this edition and of the acting of those who have shared in the performance, and are more than ever convinced, upon a careful perusal of the best standard edition, of which we can avail ourselves that the genuine Shakspeare "Richard" is far, very far, superior to that which has been foisted upon the stage. We do not object altogether to alteration, the changing manners and tastes sometimes requires it, but would have the alterations, at least of Shakspeare, to consist of excisions, of broken scenes, and short uninteresting matter, which rather break than connect the chain of the fable. There is matter enough left, when *such* change is made, to form an excellent acting play of thrilling interest, without subjecting "the bard" to such harlequin changes, that one does not recognise him again.

We are gratified in receiving, from unknown sources, acknowledgments of our general candour and correctness in matters of this nature. Amongst others is one which we have the vanity to set before our readers, chiefly however as embodying a criticism upon the great Kean in this same Richard, to the faithfulness of which we can subscribe, for we also happened to be there, and we should be happy to confer with our kind correspondent concerning that memorable night, and many others of that period, which resuscitated the almost exhausted life of the Drury Lane Company. Our correspondent writes as follows:—

"To the Editor of the Anglo American:—

NEW YORK, JAN. 17, 1846.

"Dear Sir, I have just read the critique in your paper of to-day on the performance of Richard III. at the Park Theatre, and I consider it the best of the many articles I have read in various of the New York newspapers upon the same subject. This, however, it must be confessed, is no great meed of praise, for the Theatrical critiques in the New York papers are, generally speaking, most wretched affairs—being evidently written by men who have neither judgment nor talent for the subject—a comparison with the articles of the "London Times" and "Morning Chronicle," at once settles this point. I was present at, I believe, the first representation of Richard III. in London, about 30 years ago, when Edmund Kean filled the part of Gloster, and I had the gratification of witnessing his performance of the character very frequently afterwards, as well as many of his other principal performances. I was present on Saturday last in the Stage-box at the Park Theatre for the purpose of seeing Charles Kean in the character, and was accompanied by an English friend who had seen G. F. Cook in the same part, and I endeavored to divest myself of all prejudice, in judging of Charles's performances, entertaining the most friendly feeling towards him, not only as the son of one of the greatest geniuses that ever appeared, but as a gentleman in the true sense of the word, and of most estimable private character. I must confess however, that his performance altogether disappointed me, and that in my humble judgment, it is for the most part a misconception and a failure. I can well remember the electrical sensation which his father was wont to produce when he started forth to deliver his first soliloquy "Now is the winter of our discontent" &c; his dark, bright, sparkling eye, his expressive countenance, and the constantly varying expressions which it unfolded as his speech progressed, the scarcely to-be-repressed applause which awaited its conclusion, and the thundering plaudits which followed it. He seemed indeed the life and soul, the main hinge of the play, the interest of which was ever increasing as it advanced, and which terminated only with Gloster's death. How in the next scene in the Tower when he stabs King Henry, he gloated over his victim, with restless impatience, playing with the handle of his sword; the exultation and the sneer which accompanied his, "what, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster sink into the ground" &c. His matchless scene with Lady Anne, and when with the sword at his breast she tells him "I have already," the *momentary difficulty he is thrown into* for an expedient, and his reply "that was in thy rage." His subsequent speech beginning, "was ever woman in this humor wood?" His reproof to the officer, "unmannered slave, answerest thou when I command." His scenes with Buckingham—the Lord Mayor—the reception of the young princes—with the murderers—his never-to-be-forgotten Tent scene; in fact a rapid succession of beauties from beginning to end.

"In the case of Charles Kean I particularly noticed that until towards the close of the play scarcely any applause was elicited. On his first appearance he walked slowly forward and delivered his soliloquy quite in the schoolboy style, most provokingly tame.—and these defects seemed to me to pervade his whole performance. In the fifth act he seemed to wake up a little; and the dying scene was good, although, altogether inferior to that of his great prototype. When the performance was over, Charles Kean and his wife came forward after some time, and both appeared so much exhausted that I was almost inclined to believe that Charles Kean was and had been very unwell during the performance, and if so, there is great allowance to be made for him. In your article, however, I see no allusion made to his being indisposed, neither in the other papers. I am pained, however, to perceive that his lady is a sufferer; her performance was certainly very effective; of all the other characters I think Bland's the best. I trouble you with these few remarks for your private view only, in approval of the article in your last paper and in the hope that you will be encouraged to devote your good and impartial judgment to your future theatrical articles, as I look in vain elsewhere in the newspapers of this city for any that are worth reading.

I remain your obt. servt.

J. J. C.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—We have not visited our little favorite theatre this week, and we tell the respected manager it is because there still remains upon

his stage that most bald and senseless piece "The Enchanted Deer." Were it humorous, were there the least wit, fun, point, or tartness in it, the thing would be *en caractere* with the genius of the house;—as it is, we perceive nothing but drivelling and sheer nonsense. There will be doubtless a great atonement for this, in the forthcoming "Richard No. 3," which we pray the manager to give us with all convenient speed.

Literary Notices.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.—No. 47.—Land is in sight! The number before us of this fine edition of the Holy Scriptures, brings us to the middle of the book of "The Acts of the Apostles," and we may expect the completion shortly. The public will then be in possession of a book which should form an essential family requisite in every Christian community. The latter numbers have gradually shewn an improved appearance over the former.

LIFE OF PAUL JONES.—New York: Harpers.—This work is by Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, and it was intended to form a part of the "Library of American Biography." We have not had leisure to carefully examine the work, but we perceive by the preface that the author has availed himself of all the materials that he could obtain, and we doubt not it will be found worthy a place in every library. It constitutes No. 6 and 7 of "Harpers New Miscellany," and is got up in the same neat and tasteful style of the preceding volumes.

THE CITIZEN OF PRAGUE.—New York: Harpers.—This is another of the translations of Mary Howitt, and is No. 70 of the "Library of Select Novels." It is got up very neatly and is sure to have a large sale.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.—By Laman Blanchard.—New York: Wiley and Putnam.—We have here a welcome addition to the "Library of Choice Reading," in the principal prose writings of one of whom we have shewn unequally our esteem, by having already inserted the far greater number of his "Sketches" in our Journal. The present edition contains a memoir of the author by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, a kindred spirit, who was the firm and benevolent friend of the unfortunate author. The death of Blanchard is so graphically described by Sir Edward in this memoria, that we have been induced to transfer it into our columns of to day, and we feel assured that it will be read with much interest and sympathy.

MAN IN THE REPUBLIC.—By Cornelius Mathews.—New York: Paine & Burgess.—An ingenious little work consisting of short poems, in which are summarily included the duties and principles of "Man in the Republic." Each poem has for its subject a distinct consideration, and the whole consists of the following:—the Child, the Father, the Teacher, the Citizen, the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Merchant, the Soldier, the Statesman, the Friend, the Painter, the Sculptor, the Journalist, the Masses, the Reformer, the Poor Man, the Scholar, the Preacher, and the Poet. The principles set forth in these little poems will meet with general approval, but we suspect that "The Gods have not made the author poetical; his verse limps greatly, and his rhymes frequently do not jingle in unison. Moreover he has been sorely put about to choose words that would help the measure of his poetical feet, and sometimes he has been obliged to use such as are not closely appropriate to his meaning.

THE GREECE OF THE GREEKS.—2 vols. 8 vo.—By G. A. Perdicaris, Late Consul of the U. States at Athens.—New York: Paine & Burgess.—Greece, so many centuries lost in the obscurity of subjugation and comparative slavery, having cast off her chains and resumed her place among the nations of the earth, has become interesting to the rest of the world in many important respects. The spirits of her people, debased by abject subjugation were believed no longer to retain the germ of freedom, and men looked rather for the wild sallies of enfranchised helotes, than the rational conduct of enlightened minds set free to their own impulses. Hence every work on Greece since its enfranchisement has been read with avidity by philanthropist and moral philosopher, as well as by merchant, politician, and mere curious enquirer. The work before us comes most acceptably, being written by one who we understand is a native Greek, educated here, and subsequently holding position in Greece which could not fail to give ample opportunity to an enquiring mind. We cannot yet pronounce an opinion on its intrinsic merits, for we have only dipped into portions of it; but thus far it seems to us to be well and faithfully executed. It possesses numerous lithographic illustrations, and portraits of the King and Queen of Greece. Its principal fault as a publication—and that is a serious one—is that it does not contain either index or table of contents.

THE PRIMARY NOTE READER.—By James F. Warner.—New York: Appleton.—Few practical men have done so much for the cultivation of Musical Science as this excellent teacher of it. His duties are chiefly confined to the voice and vocal reading, and he has simplified practice most admirably. The present work is intended as a supplement to the excellent "Rudimental lessons in Music," which obtained the approval of every professor. It should be in the hands of every student of the vocal art.

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE for February 1846.—Wm. Taylor & Co., Astor Buildings, Broadway.—This Periodical ably sustains its character for sound literature and well executed illustrations. The present number contains a beautiful mezzotint by Doney of "The finding of Moses," and a line engraving by Burr, the subject taken from a scene in Cooper's "Spy."

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE for February 1846.—This likewise well keeps up the tasteful list of embellishments for which it has been hitherto remarkable. The subjects are "Katherine Seyton," and "The young Astronomer," both well known and greatly admired; the list of contributors to its literature is of the highest character.

THE CHESS MATCH AT NEW ORLEANS.

SIXTEENTH GAME.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
MR. ROUSSEAU.	MR. STANLEY.	MR. ROUSSEAU.	MR. STANLEY.
1 K P 2	K P 2	36 K Kt P 2	K Kt P 1
2 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	37 Q Kt to K Kt 3	K R P 1
3 K B to Q Kt 5	Q R P 1	38 Q Kt to K B	K R to K 5
4 K B to Q R 4	Q Kt P 2	39 Q Kt P 1	Q R to K 3
5 K B to Q Kt 3	K Kt to B 3	40 Q Kt to K 3	Kt to K B 3
6 Q P 1	K B to Q B 4	41 K B P 1	P tks P
7 Castles	Q P 1	42 Q Kt tks P	K R to K 7 ch
8 Q B to K 3	K B to Q R 2	43 K to B 3	Kt to K R 2 †
9 K R P 1	K R P 1	44 Q Kt tks P	Kt to K Kt 4 ch
10 Q B P 1	Castles	45 K to Kt 3	Kt to K 5 ch
11 Q to K 2	Q Kt to K 2	46 K to B 4	K R to B 7 ch
12 Q Kt to Q 2	Q Kt to K Kt 3	47 Q Kt interposes	Kt to Q B 6
13 K Kt to K 2	Q B to K 3	48 K to Q 3	Kt to K 7 ch
14 K to K R	Q P 1	49 K to Kt 5	K to Kt 2
15 P tks P	K Kt retakes	50 Q Kt to R 4	Kt to Q 5
16 K B tks Kt	Q B retakes	51 K Kt to K B 4	Q R to K 4 ch
17 Q Kt to K B 3	K P 1 *	52 Q Kt interp. ch	K to B 2
18 P tks P	Q B to its 5	53 R tks Kt ‡	P tks R
19 Q to her 2	Q B tks R	54 K Kt to Q 3	Q R tks Q Kt ch
20 K Kt tks B	Q tks Q	55 P tks R	Q R P 1
21 Q Kt retakes	K B P 2	56 Q B P 1 §	R to K Kt 7 ch
22 B tks B	Q R tks B	57 K to B 4	R tks Q R P
23 K B P 1	Q B P 2	58 Q B P 1	R to Q B 7
24 K P tks P	K R tks P	59 Kt to K 5 ch	K to K 2
25 Q Kt to K 4	Q R to Q 2	60 Kt to Q B 4	Q R P 1
26 K Kt to K 3	K R to K 4	61 K B P 1 ch	K to Q
27 R to K	K R P 1	62 K to R 5	Q R P 1
28 Q B P 1	Q Kt P 1	63 K to Q 6	Q R P 1
29 K Kt to Q 5	Q R to Q	64 K B P 1	R to K B 7
30 R to Q	Q R to Q B	65 Q B P 1 ch	K to Q B
31 K to Kt	Kt to K B	66 Kt to Q Kt 6 ch	K to Kt 2
32 K to B 2	Kt to K R 2	67 Kt P Q's ch	K tks Kt
33 Q Kt to Q 6	Q R to Q B 3	68 P Q's ch	R tks Q
34 K B P 1	K R to K 3	69 Q tks R	Resigns.
35 Q Kt to K B 5	K to B 2		

* Very well played; the result of this move is decidedly advantageous to Black's game.

† Black had much better immediately proceed to weaken his adversary's Pawns, than to pursue the course of play which he now adopts.

‡ Very well played; from the "straggling" position of the Pawns on both sides, the game is now nearly equal.

§ A very singular coincidence will be here observed; Mr. S. has inadvertently left his Rook "en prise," and Mr. R. has failed to take advantage of it.

SEVENTEENTH GAME.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
MR. STANLEY.	MR. ROUSSEAU.	MR. STANLEY.	MR. ROUSSEAU.
1 K P 2	K P 2	29 Kt to B 2	R tks R
2 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	30 R tks R	R tks R
3 K B to B 4	K B to B 4	31 Q tks R	Q to Q 2
4 Q P 1	K Kt to B 3	32 Q to K 3	Q to Q 4
5 Q Kt to B 3	Q P 1	33 K Kt P 2	B home †
6 Q B to K 3	K B tks B	34 Q to K 4	B to K 3
7 P tks B	Q B to K 3	35 K Kt to Kt 5	K to Kt 2
8 B to K 3	Q Kt to K 2	36 Q Kt P 2	P tks P
9 Castles	Castles	37 R P tks P	Q Kt P 2
10 K Kt to K R 4	Q to Q 2	38 Kt tks B ch	Q tks Kt
11 Q Kt to K 2	Q P 1	39 Kt to Q 3	K R P 2
12 P tks P	K Kt tks P	40 K R P 1	P tks P
13 B tks Kt	Kt tks B	41 P tks P	K Kt P 1
14 Q to Q 2	K B P 1	42 K to R ‡	Q to K Kt 3
15 K P 1	Kt to K 2	43 Q to Q 5	K P 1
16 Q Kt to K Kt 3	R to K B 2	44 Kt to Q B 5	K P 1 §
17 R to K B 2	Q R to K B	45 Kt to K 6 ch	K to B 3
18 Q R to K B	K Kt P 1	46 Q tks Kt	Q to Q Kt 8 ch
19 Q R P 1	Q B P 1	47 K to K Kt 2	Q to Q R 7 ch
20 Q B P 1	Q R P 2	48 K to K R 3	Q tks Kt
21 K Kt to B 3	Kt to Q B 3	49 Q to K B 3 ch	K to his 2
22 Q Kt to K 2	Q R to Q	50 Q to Q Kt 7 ch	K to B 2
23 Q Kt to Q B	Q B P 1	51 Q to K B 3 ch	K to Kt 3
24 Q to K 3	P tks P	52 Q to K 2	Q to K 4
25 Q R to Q	Q to Q B 2	53 Q B P 1	P tks P
26 K R to Q 2 *	K R to Q 2	54 Q tks P **	K P 1
27 Kt tks P	K B P 1	55 Q to K Kt 8 ch	K to K R 3
28 P tks P	B tks P		Black wins.

* Both parties are equally aware of the importance of being enabled to command "the open files."

† There is much foresight to be observed in this move; the intentions of Mr. R. are doubtless to seize upon the first opportunity (should such an one occur) of placing the B at Q Kt 2.

‡ At this stage of the game, it was desirable, for the interest of White's game, that he should lose a move; but the extreme danger of subjecting his K to a check, from his adversary's Q, does not appear to have received the consideration to which it was entitled.

§ The steady and daring march of this Pawn is executed in the highest style of true chess tactics.

|| If, in place of this move, Mr. S. had played "Q to K B 3 ch," Mr. R. would not have taken his adversary's Kt with K, but have moved his K to K 2.

** The result of exchanging Queens would now be equally fatal to White's game.

** White's case is now hopeless; after a vain attempt to give a "perpetual check," the game was abandoned by Mr. S.

ENGLAND AND THE CHURCH OF ROME.—The *Univers* publishes a letter, addressed by Dr Wiseman, bishop of Molipotamus, to all the prelates of France, demanding their prayers for the reconversion of Great Britain to the Catholic faith, and adds, "We learn, with the liveliest satisfaction, that the several bishops have already expressed to Mr. Wiseman the warm interest they took in his proceedings, and are preparing to comply with his wishes. The Bishop of Nantz published on the subject a pastoral letter, which was read from the

pulpit at high mass, on Sunday. The venerable prelate directs that a *novena* be performed throughout his diocese, and that prayers be offered to Heaven for the conversion of England."

The Cologne Gazette quotes a letter from Posen of the 19th ultimo, from which it would appear that the numerous arrests which have taken place originate in a secret attempt to restore Poland to its original nationality, and that the clergy are deeply involved in that attempt. The Catholic priests had been sent from Kalisch to Warsaw.

Our Naples letter of the 16th ult. states that something more important than to obtain from the Holy See a dispensation in favour of the Grand Duchess Olga, is the object of the proposed visit of the Emperor Nicholas to the Court of Rome. "Will you believe," writes our correspondent, "that to discuss with the Pope the great difference between the doctrine of the Roman and Greek Catholic churches respecting the third person of the Holy Trinity, with a view to the reunion of those churches, or, (I hope I do not speak irreverently) to effect a 'fusion' of those churches, is the main inducement of his Imperial Majesty's journey to the Eternal City! Religious questions do not, however, occupy alone the attention of the Russian Emperor in his intercourse with Italy.

The Porte is becoming tolerant; a relapsed Hebrew has been allowed to walk away with his head between his shoulders.

A fearful fire had taken place at Bombay on the first night of the Dewallee (Lamp Festival) of the natives. It took its origin from some fireworks in a shop where a quantity of powder was stored. Having destroyed nearly 200 houses of various descriptions, it was stopped by the energy and activity of the Europeans. Fifteen persons lost their lives, Bombay escaped a dreadful calamity, for about 4000lb. of powder were removed from the houses on fire. If that powder had blown up, the consequences would have been appalling; thousands would have been killed.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—Cape of good Hope papers reached to the 15th of October. Affairs are represented to be of the most favourable nature for those interested in the place. The revenue had increased, and the discovery of the guano islands, had, in the shape of licenses for vessels making shipments, yielded £28,605. A number of vessels were still in the neighbourhood of Saldanha Bay waiting for cargoes.

There was talk of some arrangement being entered into with the French Government for the surrender of Chundernagore, but nothing positive was on the subject.

The Cunning Old Gentleman.—This reminds me of an old country gentleman who came to London. He had heard a great deal of the handy practices of pickpockets, and thought if he could but detect one, what a story it would be to take to Green Goose-hall. His good lady, Mrs. Oakapple, would hail him a second Munchausen; the windmill exploits of La Mancha's knight, that had whilom expanded the eyes of the expanding Oakapples junior, would sink into insignificance before the hardihood of their stalwart pa, who had taken a *live* pickpocket. But no such glorious triumph awaited the laudable efforts of the venerable Oakapple. Out he sallied, and having heard that a well-known print and caricature shop (or, rather, the pathway in front of it) was the arena where many blue bird's-eye fogles had been abstracted, away he went to the scene of action, his nerves stung to deeds of daring, if daring might be necessary; and feeling quite certain that whatever any pickpocket might be up to, he should be down on the pickpocket, he left a good long corner of his handkerchief hanging out of his pocket, and with (as he thought) an apparent careless look, sauntered before the shop ready for a grab if the trap took. Now, mice, we know, have a predilection for toasted cheese, so have pickpockets for handkerchiefs, but they won't always nibble, and it required a neater hand than friend Oakapple's to bait for the latter marauders. Judge his astonishment and mortification when a knowing-looking gentleman walked up to him, looked him full in the face, and, pointing to the decoy wipe, clapped him on the shoulder, saying, with a derisive smile, "It won't do, my old cock!" Old cock! what a term to be applied to the head of the Oakapples, a Justice of the Peace, and Lord of Green Goose Manor! Defeated, outwitted, and beat at his own weapons, he could only look as he would have done; then buttoned up his decoy tight in his coat-pocket, determined that, as it was not taken when he wanted, it should not be taken at all, and off, in high dudgeon, he moved homewards; but pickpockets, like Nickem, have various little ways of doing business. Our worthy friend had not proceeded many paces homewards, growling that his handkerchief had remained in such security, when, to alleviate his chagrin on this subject, whop came a hand on the crown of his hat, down goes the hat over his eyes, and while the decoy flew out of his pocket, away went his watch out of his fob; but, horror of all horrors, what did he hear? "It will do now old cock!"

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CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL.—A Dinner on Board a Yacht. On Time; Music of America; Resignation of the Peel Ministry; The Late Henry Inman; Probable Fate of the Mexican Empire; Organized Charity; Positively "Last Appearances"; Street Begging; Journalism; The Militia System; A Water Cure; County Poor Houses; Mr. Keen's Gloster.

TRANSLATIONS.—Charlatanism; German Love; The Goddess of Poverty. ORIGINAL POETRY.—Evening, by H. H. Clements; "One Song from thee"; "Oh, Take away all, &c.," by Lilla Lilbourne; The Fairy's Gift, by Lydia P.—

SELECTIONS.—The Last Hours of a single Gentleman; Autograph Hunters; Napoleon, by R. W. Emerson; Memoir of Laman Blanchard by Edward Bulwer Lytton; Tribute to the late William Leggett; A Queer old Humourist.

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Office of publication, No. 222 Broadway, (corner of Ann st.,) New-York, where subscriptions are received. Jan 17.

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Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. **T. J. WILLISTON,** Nov 8-ly. No. 1 Courtlandt Street, Up Stairs.

DR. POWELL, M.D.,

Oculist and Operative Surgeon, 261 Broadway cor. Warren Street.

ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P.M. His method of treating **AMAURIOSIS** has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and **OPACITIES** or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of **STRABISMUS** or **SQUINTING** cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and offices 261 Broadway (cor. Warren-st.) Sept. 13-ly.

CHEAP AND QUICK TRAVELLING TO THE WESTERN STATES,

CANADA, &c, FOR 1845,

FROM TAPSCOTT'S EMIGRATION OFFICE,

South Street, corner Maiden Lane

FALO in 36 hours. CLEVELAND in 60 hours.

DETROIT in 4 days.

MILWAUKIE, RACINE, SOUTHPORT, and CHICAGO in 6 days.

TORONTO, HAMILTON, QUEENSTON, &c, CANADA, in 21 to 3 days.

THE Subscriber having made arrangements with various first class lines of boats on the Erie, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wabash Canals, Buffalo and Central Railroads, &c., Steamboats on the North River, Lakes Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan, and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Steamboats and Railroads to Philadelphia, and Baltimore, &c., are enabled to forward Emigrants and others to any part of the Western States and Canada, in the very shortest time, and at the lowest possible rates.

Persons going West are invited to call at the office and examine the "Emigrant's Travelling Guide," showing the time, distance, rates of passage, extra baggage, &c., to almost any part of the Union. Parties in the country wishing one of the above Guides, will have the same forwarded, or any information will be cheerfully communicated by addressing, post paid, **W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT** South-st., My10-ly. corner Maiden Lane.

G. B. CLARKE.

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

No. 132 William Street, 3 doors West of Fulton.

G. B. CLARKE returns thanks for the extensive patronage bestowed on his establishment during the last twelve months, and at the same time would inform the readers of "The Anglo American," that his charges for the first quality of Garments is much below that of other Fashionable Houses located in heavier rented thoroughfares. The style of the work will be similar to that of Bundage, Tryon & Co., with whose establishment G. B. C. was for a long period connected.

GENERAL SCALE OF PRICES.

Fine Cloth Dress Coats from.....	\$16.00 to \$20.00
" " Bik Cars Pants (Doeskin).....	6.00 to 8.50
" " Satin Vests of the very best quality.....	3.50 to 4.50

PRICES FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING.

Dress Coats.....	\$7.00 to \$9.00
Pants and Vests.....	1.50 to 2.00

John Clarke, formerly of 29 New Bond Street, London.

If A Specimen Coat always to be seen.

[Mr8-tf.]

G. B. CLARKE, 132 William Street.

WELLINGTON HOTEL, TORONTO.

CORNER OF WELLINGTON (LATE MARKET) AND CHURCH STREETS.

THE Subscribers beg to announce that the above Hotel, situate in the centre of business, and adjacent to the Steamboat Landings and Stage Office, has been newly furnished with the utmost regard to the comfort of Families and Travellers. The business will be conducted by Mr. INGLIS, who, for seven years, Superintended the North American Hotel, while occupied by Mr. Wm. Campbell.

The Table will be plentifully supplied with the Substantials and Luxuries of the Season, and the Cellar is stocked with a selection of the choicest WINES and LIQUORS. From their experience, and a strict attention to the comfort and convenience of their Guests, they respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Excellent and Extensive Stabling attached to the Hotel.

My31-tf.

BELL & INGLIS.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,

SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid),

W & J. T. TAPSCOTT,

South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool—

My10-tf.]

WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 96 Waterloo Road.

DAGUERREOTYPES

PLUMBE DAGUERRIAN GALLERY & PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPOT, 251 Broadway corner of Murray-street, (over Tenney's Jewelry Store), awarded the Medal for Premiums, and two "highest honors," at the Exhibitions at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia respectively, for the best Pictures and Apparatus ever exhibited.

Price of these superb Photographs reduced to that of ordinary ones at other places, so that no one need now sit for an ordinary likeness on the score of economy.—Taken in any weather.

Plumbe's Premium and German Cameras, Instructions, Plates, Cases, &c. &c., for wanted to any desired point, at lower rates than by any other manufactory.

WANTED—Two or three skilful operators. Apply as above.

Mr29.

DRAFTS ON GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

PERSONS wishing to remit money to their friends in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, can be supplied with drafts payable at sight without discount for any amount from £1 upwards, at the following places, viz:—

IN ENGLAND—The National and Provincial Bank of England; Messrs. J. B. and Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; Messrs. Jas. Bult, Son & Co., London, and branches throughout England and Wales.

IN IRELAND—The National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank and branches throughout Ireland.

IN SCOTLAND—The Eastern Bank of Scotland, National Bank of Scotland, Greenock Banking Company, and branches throughout Scotland.

My10-tf.

W & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South-st., cor. Maiden Lane.

JOHN HERDMAN & CO'S OLD ESTABLISHED UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND EMIGRANT OFFICE,

61 South Street, New York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

PASSAGE to and from Great Britain and Ireland by the regular Liverpool packet ships, sailing every five days. The subscribers in calling the attention of old countrymen and the public generally, to their unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons here by their friends, beg to state, that after this year the business of the house at Liverpool will be conducted by its branch, under the name of Herdman, Keenan & Co. Those sending for their friends through this establishment, will at once see the great importance of having a branch of the house in Liverpool, as it will preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant. The ships employed in this Line are well known to be of the first and largest class, and very fast sailers, commanded by kind and experienced men; and as they sail every five days from Liverpool, offers every facility that can be furnished. With such superior arrangements, the subscribers look forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to them for so many years past, and in case of any of them engaged do not embark, the passage money will be refunded as customary.

The steamboat passage from the various ports to Liverpool, can also be secured, if required.

Drafts and Bills of Exchange.—Those remitting money to their friends may rely it will be done satisfactorily by their remitting the amount they wish sent, at the rate of \$5 per pound sterling, with the name and address of the person for whom it is intended. A draft will then be forwarded per first packet, ship, or steamer, and a receipt for same returned by mail. Drafts are made payable at the following Banking Institutions on demand, without any charge, viz:—

In England, Messrs James Bult, Son & Co., Bankers, London; Messrs. J. B. and Co., Exchange and Discount Bank, Liverpool; National Provincial Bank of England and Branches throughout England and Wales. Yorkshire District Bank and Branches, Birmingham Banking Company, Lancaster Banking Company.

In Ireland—National Bank of Ireland, and Provincial Bank of Ireland, and their branches in all the principal towns throughout the country.

In Scotland, Greenock Banking Company; in Glasgow and Greenock, Eastern Bank of Scotland and Branches.

For further particulars, apply, by letter, post-paid, to

JOHN HERDMAN & CO., 61 South-st., N. York.

HERDMAN, KEENAN & CO., Liverpool.

N.B.—First class ships are despatched from New York to New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and Savannah, during the fall of each year, by which freight and passengers are taken at the lowest rates. We will also be prepared to forward passengers and their baggage, on arrival from Europe, to all parts of the interior, by the different canal and railroad routes, at the lowest rates.

Nov.8-tf.

THOMAS S. CUMMINGS,

MINIATURE PAINTER.

THOMAS CUMMINGS, JR.,

ARTIST AND PORTRAIT PAINTER.

Rooms No. 50 Walker Street.

[dec.6-1y.]

FLOWERS, BOQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Heraceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with prices.

Ap. 30 tf.

ROULSTONE'S RIDING SCHOOL,

No. 137 AND 139 MERCER STREET, NEW YORK.

MR. ROULSTONE has the honour of informing the Public and the Patrons of the Establishment, that the School is now open Day and Evening for Equestrian tuition and Exercise Riding.

Since the close of last Season the School has undergone thorough repair, and is brilliantly lighted with gas.

The School for Ladies is open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M. For Gentlemen from April 1st to Oct. 31st from 6 to 8 o'clock A.M., and from Nov. 1st to March 31st from 7 to 10 P.M.

No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.

Gentlemen keeping their horses in this establishment, will have the privilege of riding them in the school gratis.

For terms apply at the School, 137 Mercer Street, between Houston and Prince Street.

Nv15-3m.

DISBROW'S RIDING SCHOOL, 408 BOWERY,

NEAR ASTOR AND LA FAYETTE PLACE, NEW YORK.

MR. DISBROW has the honour to announce that his School is open Day and Evening, for Equestrian tuition and exercise Riding.

TERMS:

LECTURE LESSONS.		EXERCISE RIDING.	
16 Lessons.....	\$15 00	1 Month.....	\$12 00
10 do.....	10 00	20 Rides.....	10 00
4 do.....	5 00	10 do.....	6 00
Single Lessons.....	2 00	Single Rides.....	75
Road do.....	2 50		
N. B.—Highly trained and quiet Horses, for the Road or Parade, to let.			
EVENING CLASS.		20 Rides.....	\$10 00
12 Lessons.....	\$9 00	Single Rides.....	0 75
Single ".....	1 00		

RULES.

- 1.—All Lessons or Rides paid for on commencing.
 - 2.—One hour allowed on each Lesson or Ride in School.
 - 3.—One hour and a half to a Lesson on the Road.
 - 4.—Hours for Ladies, from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
 - 5.—Hours for Gentlemen, from 3 to 5, and from 7 to 9 P. M.
 - 6.—No Gentlemen admitted during the hours appropriated to Ladies.
 - 7.—Only 3 months allowed for a Course of Lessons or Rides.
- N.B.—The School has been refitted and furnished with Stoves. Ladies in delicate health need be under no apprehension of taking cold.
- A card of address is requested previous to commencing.

Nov.15-3m.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

GENTLEMEN or Families going to Europe or elsewhere, who would disencumber themselves of their superfluous effects such as WEARING APPAREL, either Ladies or Gentlemen's, JEWELRY, FIRE ARMS, &c. &c., by sending for the Subscriber, will obtain a liberal and fair price for the same.

H. LEVETT,

Office No. 2 Wall-street, N.Y.

Families and gentlemen attended at their residence by appointment.

If All orders left at the Subscriber's Office, or sent through the Post Office, will be punctually attended to.

My24-ly.

CHURCH.—PARLOUR AND CHURCH BARREL ORGANS.

THE subscriber continues to manufacture Organs in the most superior manner, and upon liberal terms.

Also, those most useful Instruments—Church Barrel Organs—of which he was the first to introduce into this country—and for country Churches where Organists cannot be procured, they are invaluable.

He has been awarded the first Premiums, Viz. Gold and Silver Medals, for the best Organs, for the last six successive years, at the great Fair of the American Institute, of this city.

GEORGE JARDINE, Organ Builder,

83 Anthony St. New York.

Aug. 23.—6m.

NEW ORGAN.

MR. GEORGE JARDINE, of this city, having lately erected an Organ in the Prot. Reformed Dutch Church in Franklin St., the subscribers cannot refrain from expressing in the present form, their unqualified approbation of the Instrument, with which they have been furnished from his manufactory.

They also feel it to be due to that gentleman, to bear their decided testimony in favour of his character and conduct, as developed in their recent business transactions with him.

A person so liberal in his terms, and true to his engagements, so honourable in his dealings and courteous in his manners, can not fail (in their opinion) to commend himself to the confidence of the Religious community, as an Organ Builder; and to secure for himself a large share of public patronage in the line of his profession.

New York, July 14, 1845.

Signed by Jas. B. Hardenberg, Pastor of the Church. Ben. Wood, John Barringer, D. T. Blauvelt, Theo. Brett, Matthew Duff, Henry Esler, Leon'd. Bleecker, Stephen Williamson, Harman Blauvelt, members of the consistory. C. N. B. Ostrander, Levi Aggar, Peter Vannest, Organ Committee.

Aug. 23.—6m.

J. BYRNE'S CHEAP CASH TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

CORNER OF FULTON AND GOLD STREETS.

Would respectfully call the attention of the public to his following low list of prices:—

Fine Dress and Frock Coats.....	\$12.00
Making and Trimming.....	5.00 to 8.00
Cassimere Pants.....	4.00 to 8.00
Making and Trimming.....	1.50 to 2.00
Vests.....	3.00 to 5.00
Making and Trimming.....	1.50 to 2.00

The proprietor feels assured that for style and workmanship, he cannot be surpassed by any house in the city.

Gentlemen are requested to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

Aug.30-tf.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S CROTON PEN—A new article, which for elasticity and delicacy of point, surpasses any pen hitherto made by Mr. GilloTT. It possesses a greater degree of strength than other fine pointed pens, thus making of a more durable character.

The style in which these Pens are put up will prove attractive in all sections of this country, each card having a beautifully engraved view of the following points of the Great Croton Aqueduct.

The Dam at Croton River.
" Aqueduct Bridge at Sing Sing.
" " Harlem River.
View of the Jet at
Fountain in the Park, New York.
" in Union Park, "

The low price at which these Pens are offered, combined with the quality and style must render them the most popular of any offered to the American public.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S AMERICAN PEN—An entirely new article of Barrel Pen, combining strength with considerable elasticity, for sale to the trade by
June 8. HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-st.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depeyster, 26 Sept.	SHERIDAN, Capt. Depeyster, 11th Nov.
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 26th Oct.	GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask, 11th Dec.
ROSCUUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 26th Nov.	ROSCUUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge, 11th Jan.
SIDMONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 26th Dec.	SIDMONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb, 11th Feb.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12½ cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Sidmon, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-tf.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	FROM NEW YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
WATERLOO.	W. H. Allen.	Nov. 11, Mar. 11, July 11	Dec. 26, Apr. 26, Aug. 26
JOHN R. SKIDDY.	Wm. Skiddy.	Dec. 11, April 11, Aug. 11	Jan. 26, May 26, Sept. 26
STEPHEN WHITNEY.	Thompson.	Jan. 11, May 11, Sept. 11	Feb. 26, Jun. 26, Oct. 26
VIRGINIAN.	C. A. Heira.	Feb. 11, June 11, Oct. 11	Mar. 26, Jul. 26, Nov. 26

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The owner will not be responsible for any letter, parcel, or package, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to
ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South-street. My24-ly.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton.	H. Hattleston.	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21
Patrick Henry.	J. C. Delano.	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21
Independence.	F. P. Allen.	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6	Apr. 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21
Henry Clay.	Ezra Nye.	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great accommodations to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers. The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

My31-tf.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL on the 1st, 10th and 20th of EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James.	F. R. Meyers.	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland.	R. H. Griswold.	10, 10, 10	10 March 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladstone.	R. L. Bunting.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator.	I. M. Chadwick.	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	1, 20, 20
Switzerland.	E. K. Kiehl.	10, 10, 10	10 April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec.	F. B. Howard.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria.	E. E. Morgan.	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1	10, 20, 20
Wellington.	I. M. Chadwick.	10, 10, 10	10 May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Hendrick Hudson.	E. Moore.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert.	W. S. Schor.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	10, 20, 20
Toronto.	E. G. Tucker.	10, 10, 10	10 June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster.	Howe.	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the Captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed herefor. Apply to
GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., or to
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

My24-tf.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge.	W. C. Barstow.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England.	S. Bartlett.	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford.	J. Rathbone.	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe.	A. G. Furber.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York.	Thos. B. Cropper.	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus.	G. A. Cole.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey.	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

These ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to
GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

The operation of this preparation is three-fold. It acts as a tonic, strengthening the digestive power and restoring the appetite, as an aperient, peculiarly suited and gentle in its laxative effect, and as an antiseptic, purifying the fluids of the body, and neutralizing to the blood the active principle of disease. The many well authenticated cures of Scrofula of the most malignant character, wrought by Sands's Sarsaparilla, have given it a wide and deserved celebrity. But it is not alone in Scrofula nor in the class of diseases to which it belongs, that this preparation has been found beneficial. It is a specific in many diseases of the skin, and may be administered with favourable results in all; it also exercises a controlling influence in bilious complaints; and when the system has been debilitated either by the use of powerful mineral medicines or other causes, it will be found an excellent restorative.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION."—LET THE FACTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES.—The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits. Let the afflicted read and be convinced; what it has done once, it will do again.

Charlestown, Mass., Sept. 23, 1845.

This may certify that my son, now aged seventeen, has been for ten years afflicted with the Scrofulous Humor. At the age of seven years he had the measles, which probably caused this humor to make its appearance in a most singular way, covering his body from his head to his feet with small tumors. I consulted a Doctor of Medicine, and he examined him three days in succession, and not understanding his case, advised me to consult Dr. Rogers, of New York, I then being a resident of that city. After a long and critical examination, having more than thirty other medical gentlemen with him at the time, he pronounced it Scrofula, or King's Evil. The child was then prescribed for, and commenced taking medical drugs from that time. He grew worse until June of 1837, and then his bones became affected in consequence of the mercury that had been given him. A piece of bone came away from his under jaw, in the first place, as large as an English walnut, a piece from his forehead as large as a rixence, and a piece from near the crown of his head. It then went to the back and side, and discharged in three places. From thence to one of his limbs, separating, in consequence of the ulceration, the muscles and cord from the bones of the ankle joint on the back part. He had at one time fifteen running sores or issues from the glands of the throat and those places I have mentioned. In 1840 I lived in Portsmouth, N.H., and he was attacked with a Rheumatic Fever, which settled in one of his hips, which swelled as large as three of the other. Being under medical treatment, they gave him laudanum until he lost his reason—then I became alarmed and sent for a Theopsonian. His medicine helped his hip and restored his mind and reason. The third time he was attacked with this fever in 1842, when hearing of Dr. Sands's Sarsaparilla, and being perfectly satisfied that all other medicines had failed of effecting a cure, I sent and procured six bottles, and by the time he had taken it all I considered him well. Those places healed—he became bright and lively—colour came to his face and lips—from that time till the fall of 1844, his complaints never troubling him. At that time he became deaf, which continued until last March, when his right eye became affected; from that to the left eye, covering the sight of the eye so that he was in a great measure deprived of sight.

Knowing that Dr. Sands's Sarsaparilla was the only medicine that had ever done him any good, I applied to Mr. Fowle, Apothecary at Boston, for more. He has taken fifteen dollars' worth, which has removed the humor from his eyes and hearing, and he now appears to be cured, and radically so. I verily believe all this latter trouble might have been avoided if I had continued thoroughly the use of Dr. Sands's Sarsaparilla when he was under the influence of the medicine the first time.

These are the simple statements of the facts of the case, and I feel it my duty to make those facts known to the public, for the benefit of those who may be afflicted in like manner: feeling a full conviction the cure has been effected solely from the effect of this invaluable medicine.

HANNAH W. BECK, 228 Main st.

Suffolk, ss. Boston, Oct. 13, 1845.—Then personally appeared the above-named Hannah W. Beck, and made solemn oath that the above certificate, by her subscribed, and statements therein contained, are true.—Before me,

JAMES RICE,

Justice of the Peace.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5. John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. T. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Birkie, Hamilton, Canada; Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. J119-tf.

PARR'S LIFE PILLS.

READ the following testimonials in favor of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, which have been selected from hundreds of similar ones on account of their recent dates:—
Extract of a Letter from Mr. Sinclair Touzey, Postmaster of Joslin's Corners, Madison County, N.Y.

November 4th, 1844.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—I am requested to state to you, that Mr. I. W. Sturdevant, of Amsterdam, expresses his great satisfaction at the efficacy of Parr's Life Pills. Also, Mr. J. Fairchild, of Cazenovia in which opinion Mr. A. Billany, of Chittenango, also fully accords. Indeed, these Pills have superseded all others in New York state—they are not a brisk Pill, but "slow and sure," and I have never yet met with an instance where an invalid has persevered in taking them, that has not been cured of the most obstinate and long-standing dyspeptic diseases.

(Signed) S. TOUSEY.

Messrs. Thomas Roberts & Co.—Gents—Having used Parr's Life Pills on several occasions when attacked by violent bilious complaints, and having been fully satisfied of their efficacy, I beg leave in justice to you, as proprietors of the medicine, to testify much.

Yours respectfully,
WM. H. HACKETT
Long Island, Nov. 9, 1844.

New York, Nov. 2, 1844.

Sir—As I have received so much benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I feel it my duty to owe to this community, to make the facts in my case public. I was afflicted for 15 years with dyspepsia and erysipelas. I tried remedy after remedy, but none appeared to afford me any relief. At last I was induced by a friend to try a box of Parr's Life Pills, which I did, and before I had taken two boxes I found great relief. I have since taken three boxes more, and now thank God, I find myself perfectly cured of the erysipelas, and greatly relieved of the dyspepsia—Judging from my own case, I sincerely believe Parr's Life Pills is the best medicine for the above complaints, and likewise as a family medicine, yet offered to the public.—I remain,

Yours respectfully,
ELIZABETH BARNES, No. 19 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.

From our Agent in Philadelphia.

ASTONISHING CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

Messrs. T. Roberts & Co.—Gentlemen—Having received the greatest benefit from the use of Parr's Life Pills, I can give you my testimony in their favour without the least hesitation. For the last five years I have been afflicted with the Liver Complaint, and the pains in my side were great, attended with considerable cough, a stopping and mothering in the throat; for three weeks before I used the Pills I was completely reduced, and had become so weak as to be almost unable to walk; and I could not sleep more than two hours of a night, so completely was my system under the influence of my complaint. I have spent over two hundred dollars for medical attendance, and all the different kinds of medicines celebrated for the cure of the Liver Complaint, without having received any permanent relief, and I can say now that since I have been using Parr's Life Pills, I have been in better health than I have experienced for the last five years. I am also stronger, I sleep as good as ever I did, and can walk any distance. Any person who doubts these statements as incorrect, by inquiring of me shall receive more particular information.

JOSEPH BARBOUR.

Poplar Lane, above Seventh Street, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.
Sold by the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 9 Crane Court, London, and 117 Fulton Street, New York and by all respectable Druggists in the United States. [Mr. 18-16.]